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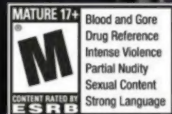
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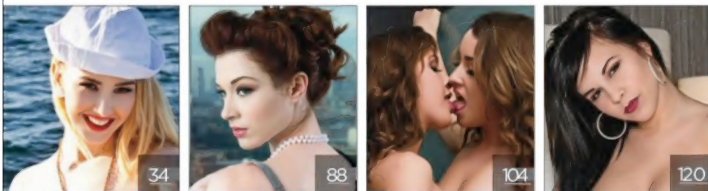
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Alexis Ford
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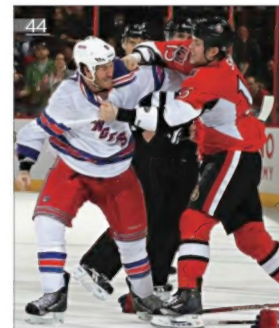
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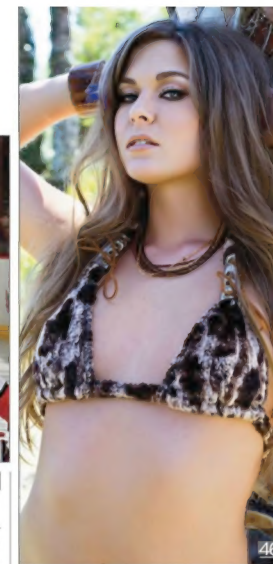
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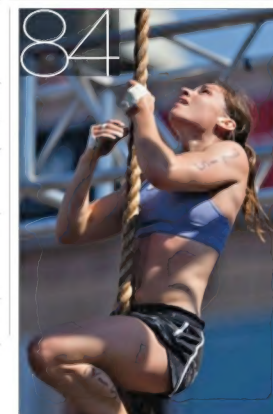
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Fantasies Fulfilled



I have always had a thing for my best friend's girlfriend, Ashley—especially her amazing rack. I've fantasized about jacking off on her gorgeous tits ever since Jared first introduced us, and I knew that if I ever had the chance, best friend or not, I'd take a run at Ashley.

Lately, Jared and Ashley haven't been getting along. I've no idea what caused their latest blowup, but when Ashley called one afternoon, begging me to come over, I biked over to their house to try to keep the peace.

When I got there, the door was ajar. I knocked, but when no one answered, I went in, closed the door, and looked around. With no sign of either Ashley or Jared, I made my way down the hallway toward the bedroom. I don't know what I expected to find, but it certainly wasn't Ashley lying on the bed buck-naked. The smart thing to do would have been to leave, but I didn't. I just stood there with my dick getting hard, as I drank in the view and realized how woefully inadequate my fantasies had been.

When I'd finally managed to tear my gaze away from Ashley's tits, I quickly looked around for Jared. Finding no sign of my friend, I turned my attention back to Ashley and walked toward the bed.

"So you and Jared had another difference of opinion on something?" I asked, as I sat next to her.

"Actually, we disagreed about you," she said, placing her hand on my crotch. "There's only one thing better than a rock-hard cock."

"And that is?" I asked, as she pulled down my zipper and wrapped her fingers around my dick.

"Two rock-hard cocks!" she said, as she leaned down to swirl her tongue over the head.

I hadn't realized that I'd closed my

I watched as Ashley raised herself up and down on Jared's dick. She moaned deeply each time his cock filled her ass.

eyes, but as soon as my brain processed Ashley's last words, they snapped open and there was Jared, leaning against the doorway with a smug grin on his face.

"Ashley's wanted to take on two guys for some time now, and I've seen the way you look at her when you think I'm not looking," he said. "I told her that you were into her, but she didn't believe me. Yet here you are."

I was too stunned to say anything, especially with Ashley trying to swallow me whole. Then Jared quickly undressed and climbed on the bed behind Ashley. Ashley released my cock and unbuttoned my shirt. I tossed it on the floor, then pulled off my sneakers and jeans. It wasn't until I saw Jared slather his cock with lube that I figured out how Ashley was going to get her two cocks.

While facing me, Ashley straddled Jared's dick and slowly guided it into her backdoor. I watched as she raised herself up and down a few times, moaning deeply each time his cock filled her ass.

After several strokes, she leaned back against Jared. "Now it's your turn, Eddie," she said. "Fill my cunt with your cock!"

This was so beyond anything I'd ever imagined that I worried I'd come before I got my cock inside her. I took a few moments to suck on her tits and roll her firm nipples between my fingers before pushing my way inside her glistening pussy. I had no way of knowing whether Ashley was always that tight, or if having two dicks stuffed inside her was the reason I was ready to come after only a couple of strokes. Amazing doesn't begin to describe how tight her pussy felt, and as Jared and I thrust in and out of her, I felt Jared's cock move against mine.

As good as fucking Ashley felt, I knew I wasn't going to last. I held out as long as I could, but when Jared groaned that he was coming, I pulled out and aimed my cock at Ashley's tits. While she was in the throes of ecstasy, I pumped my cock and painted her awesome breasts with generous shots of my semen.

I don't know if I'll be invited over again, but at least Ashley wasn't the only one who got to fulfill a fantasy.—*E.C., Louisiana*

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CHOCOLATE KISSES

Last week, Iris, my next-door neighbor, asked if I could help her bake a cake. She wanted to take something homemade to a family gathering and knew I always baked something for our monthly building-association meetings. I said I'd be happy to lend her a hand.

I told her I'd get what we needed from the store and that she could come by on Friday evening. I thought brownies would be easiest for her first try. If she wasn't happy with the way they turned out, we'd still have time to bake something else on Saturday morning.

On Friday night, Iris came over with a bottle of wine. I'd told her to wear something cool since we'd have the oven on. She had on a T-shirt, shorts, and flip-flops, and I was dressed just as comfortably, but barefoot. I put on some music, and we had some of the wine before getting started.

Iris was a lot of fun, but not very adept at baking. She was more interested in joking around. It was hard enough keeping her focused on following the recipe, but when she grabbed a handful of flour and tossed it in my direction, the game was on. I rubbed flour on her shirt and ran from the kitchen. Iris was hot on my heels, chasing me with a handful of chocolate batter. She nearly snagged my shirt, but I managed to slip by her and back into the kitchen.

When she caught me I turned around, only to get a face full of brownie batter. I reached for the bowl, grabbed it, then slipped and ended up on the floor with Iris on top of me. One minute we were laughing and rolling around, and the next minute Iris was licking brownie batter from my fingers. It was one of those moments when everything around you seems to come to a standstill. We started kissing and licking the batter from each other's skin like a couple of puppies.

Iris pulled up my shirt and started kissing and licking my breasts, while I rubbed her pussy through her shorts. She was hot and wet and I wanted to taste her.

"We're not getting much baking done," I said, as I pulled her shorts off.

"There's always tomorrow," she said, laughing. Then we took off our shirts and kissed and fondled each other some more. I pushed Iris onto her back and pulled the mixing bowl closer. Using two fingers, I scooped up some batter and smeared it across her breasts. Then I smeared some



down her body, over her mound, and dabbed a little along her pussy lips.

I took a moment to sit back on my heels and admire my handiwork before licking it all up. When I'd cleaned all the batter off her writhing body, I dragged my tongue slowly along her slit. What I tasted was a decadent mixture of chocolate and Iris's tangy essence.

I wrapped my arms under her legs and went to work licking and sucking every trace of chocolate from Iris's flesh till all I tasted was pure Iris. I used my tongue the way I'd use my fingers, thrusting it into her as deep as I could, drawing out every bit of her flavor, heedless to her cries of passion.

I used my tongue the way I'd use my fingers, thrusting it into her as deep as I could, drawing out every bit of her flavor.

When I'd had my fill, Iris pulled me up for a kiss. Her tongue swept inside my mouth, twisting with mine, tasting herself, as her hands explored my hot, sticky skin. We were a total mess, but that didn't stop Iris from rolling me onto my back to have her revenge.

Iris scooped up some of the batter and popped it into her mouth. Then she leisurely kissed me, sharing the sweet, chocolaty confection before kissing her way down to my pussy. I spread my legs and raised my knees, letting her have her way with me. I was so aroused that as soon as her tongue stroked over my clit, I came, shuddering and twitching with pleasure. Iris sucked me off again and again until, finally overloaded with pleasure, I begged for mercy.

The shower afterward was just as playfully erotic as our sweet, sticky romp on the kitchen floor. As for the brownies? Iris was right. Our second attempt the next morning was a total success.—A.T., Florida

More letters on page 130

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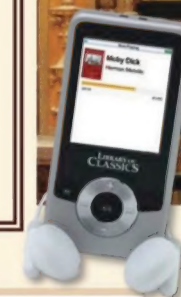
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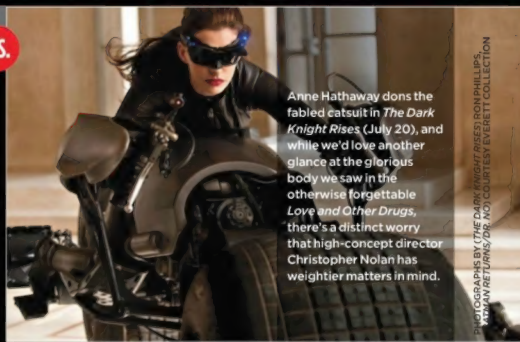
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FLICKS

Catfight

Thank the geniuses of the costuming department who somehow enabled Michelle Pfeiffer to pour her bodacious self into the skin-tight Catwoman suit of *Batman Returns* (1992). Okay, she wasn't Julie Newmar, but she was not bad. Not bad at all.

VS.



Anne Hathaway dons the fabed catsuit in *The Dark Knight Rises* (July 20), and while we'd love another glance at the glistening body we saw in the otherwise forgettable *Love and Other Drugs*, there's a distinct worry that high-concept director Christopher Nolan has weightier matters in mind.

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HATHAWAY: RETNA LTD. (BATMAN RETURNS: EVERETT COLLECTION)

Teen Dreams

You're simply not going to find a hotter fantasy than the poolside scene in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (1982), in which Phoebe Cates sheds her fire-engine-red bikini top in slo-mo, to the Cars' "Moving in Stereo."

VS.



In Adam Sandler's *That's My Boy* (June 15), the mind behind the cinematic masterpiece *Jack and Jill* plays a grown man who, as a teenager, had an affair—and a child—with his high school teacher. In slo-mo flashbacks, we see the teacher, played by the piping hot Eva Amurri Martino, bending, lips parted, for a drink at a hallway water fountain.

The Sizzle of Summers Past

Will any of the skin on display in this season's crop of blockbusters match some of the sexiest scenes in movie history? We can dream.

By Joshua Rothkopf

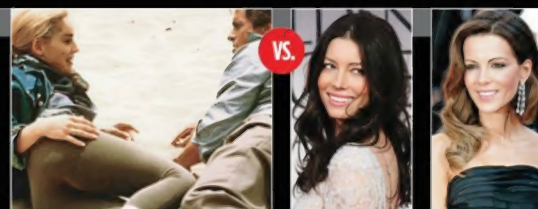
The summer-movie carnival has rolled into town, and we couldn't be happier about it. Bring on the big, dumb, mindless fun (with extra butter on the popcorn)—not to mention glorious glimpses of celebrity skin. Some of the most indelible silver-screen moments of all time are the products of a spike in popcorn-movie libido. Phoebe Cates and Ursula Andress spring to mind, among others. How will the sexiest moments from this season's movies stack up against some classic steamy scenes from the past? We selected some of our favorites and paired them with an upcoming blockbuster, in the sincere (but admittedly far-fetched) hope that the new flicks will aspire to their legacies.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: (THE BOURNE LEGACY) MIKE CASSESE/CORBIS; (THAT'S MY BOY) EVERETT COLLECTION; (PROMETHEUS) EVERETT COLLECTION; (TOTAL RECALL) EVERETT COLLECTION; (VAMPIRE HUNTER: VAMPIRE HUNTERS); (SECRET AGENT BABES) EVERETT COLLECTION; (TOTAL RECALL) EVERETT COLLECTION; (VAMPIRE HUNTER: VAMPIRE HUNTERS); (SECRET AGENT BABES) EVERETT COLLECTION

Icy Hot

When the ice-cold killer played by Sharon Stone spread her legs ever so slightly—wait, did she just...?—before recrossing them, she stunned her interrogators in *Basic Instinct* (1992), and the international viewing public, into silence.

VS.



We're worried that Hollywood is about to ruin a perfectly great schlock classic (which also featured Stone), but the new *Total Recall* (August 3) does have both Jessica Biel and Kate Beckinsale. Will their combined sex appeal eclipse the chilly Stone?

Sink Your Teeth In

Never mind those tween-age vampires with their pallid PG-13 couplings: We'll take Tony Scott's arty *The Hunger* (1983). It's not a popcorn flick, but its girl-on-girl scene between Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon is as hot as it gets.

VS.



Ever since her sweater-filling days in the family flick *Sky High*, we've had an impure thing for Mary Elizabeth Winstead. This summer, she plays Mary Todd in *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter* (June 22), and what's a vampire movie without a healthy dose of eroticism?

Secret Agent Babes

In 1962's *Dr. No*, the sultry Ursula Andress rises from the surf like a bikini-clad goddess and creates, in one iconic shot, the phenomenon that became known as the Bond Girl. All future actresses had much to live up to—and most fell short.

VS.

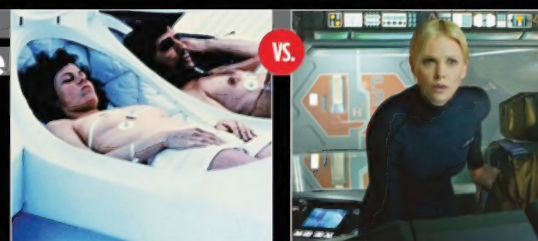


Jason Bourne isn't exactly James Bond—and he's not even in *The Bourne Legacy* (August 3); Jeremy Renner plays a different hero in the same fictional universe in the franchise's fourth installment. Oscar winner Rachel Weisz will provide sparks, and hopefully more, as the female lead.

Space Is the Place

Of course we salute Sigourney Weaver's groundbreaking performance in *Alien* (1979)—but can we state for the record that it didn't hurt that she stripped down to her skivvies in the climactic battle with the beast?

VS.



We may have our doubts about director Ridley Scott's massively anticipated *Alien* prequel, *Prometheus* (June 8), but when Charlize Theron is on-screen—and, we hear, wearing next to nothing—we'll say a tradition has been fully honored.



FLICKS

PREVIEWS



Men in Black III

Tommy Lee Jones, Will Smith, Josh Brolin

If you thought Jones looked a little weathered when the last *MIB* came out in 2002, imagine the poor guy now. Apparently, the filmmakers are aware of this, because in this unasked-for-yet-somewhat-intriguing new chapter, Smith's Agent J travels back to 1969, where his crotchety colleague, now played by Brolin, greets him with a suspicious Texas scowl. *She's Out of My League*'s scorching Alice Eve plays a groovy lady in black, *Saturday Night Live*'s Bill Hader has a cameo as an undercover Andy Warhol, and Lady Gaga turns up, too, looking right at home among the aliens.



Prometheus

Charlize Theron, Michael Fassbender

If Ridley Scott had directed only 1979's seismic *Alien* and then promptly retired—before making *Blade Runner*, *Thelma & Louise*, or *Gladiator*—his kingly place in film history would still be secure. That's how massively influential (and just plain awesome) the sci-fi shocker is. Geeks have been, well, geeking out in anticipation of this all-but-in-name prequel, Scott's long-awaited return to the genre he single-handedly boosted. It features *Shame*'s Fassbender, original-girl-with-dragon-tattoo Noomi Rapace, and Theron traveling to a planet spookier than they realize. But how to top the original's signature chest-bursting alien scene? There are rumors that, against all odds, Scott tries to do just that.



Moonrise Kingdom

Bill Murray, Bruce Willis, Tilda Swinton, Frances McDormand

Hark! Do we see eerily symmetrical camera compositions, "quirky" family situations, and Bill Murray? It must be time for another Wes Anderson flick. Judging from the trailer, the *Rushmore* auteur's latest comedy seems undeniably *his*—but there are some additions this time out that have piqued our interest. First, it's a nostalgic summer-camp story set in 1965, so the preciousness will at least be refracted through nearly a half-century of time, perhaps reducing the irritation it causes. Also, there are some unusual cast members that suggest the director is expanding his worldview (ever so slightly): Willis plays an officious local lawman, Ed Norton plays a scout-troop leader, and Swinton sails around looking mighty pissed off about something.

PARTICIPATING IN MEN IN BLACK III: JAMES WAXSON; IN PROMETHEUS: KERRY BROWN/20TH CENTURY FOX; IN MOONRISE KINGDOM: COURTESY FOX; IN THE COLOR OF MONEY: COURTESY INVESTMENT COLLECTION



Safety Not Guaranteed

Aubrey Plaza, Mark Duplass

Sometimes an up-and-coming actress deserves our attention regardless of the flick in question—and that's the case with *Parks and Recreation*'s Plaza, who combines winsome looks with an endearingly wiseass attitude. Here, she plays a bored Seattle cub journalist who volunteers to follow a presumed crackpot (Duplass) who has taken out a classified ad announcing a time-travel mission. The two strike up a surprising chemistry, and what's up with the sweating feds on their trail? Is the crackpot actually onto something?

DVDs

BY KARA WAHLGREN



Noosiers: 25th Anniversary Edition

Widely considered one of the best sports movies of all time, *Noosiers* is the sort-of-true story of a rural Indiana high school basketball team that wins the state championship. Gene Hackman plays short-fused coach Norman Dale, who rallies a shoestring team through the tournament with the help of his alcoholic assistant coach, Shooter (Dennis Hopper). The Blu-ray anniversary release features a Master Audio 5.1 soundtrack (perfect for the movie's Oscar-nominated score), deleted scenes, director commentary, and footage from the 1954 Indiana high school championship game that inspired the film.



Deliverance: 40th Anniversary Edition

Has it really been four decades since we first heard that ominous banjo music and those threats to make a guy squeal like a pig? Burt Reynolds, Jon Voight, and then-newcomers Ned Beatty and Ronny Cox starred in this buddy movie-turned-hillbilly horror flick about four friends who take a weekend canoe trip down the Cahulawassee River in Georgia. The disastrous trip puts the *Hangover* high jinks to shame—there's rape, there's homicide, and not everyone makes it out alive. Not to mention that "Paddle faster, I hear banjos" and "You got a purdy mouth" are still part of our lexicon. The Blu-ray edition includes commentary from director John Boorman, a cast retrospective, a behind-the-scenes documentary, and a vintage featurette.

Lethal Weapon Collection

Do cop buddy movies get any better than this? There's a reason *Lethal Weapon* has been ripped off by countless cop romps over the past 25 years—as unlikely crime-fighting duos go, it's hard to beat the chemistry between Mel Gibson and Danny Glover. The box set includes remastered versions of all four films in the \$900 million franchise, as Riggs and Murtaugh investigate heroin smugglers, South African drug lords, black-market arms dealers, and Chinese gangsters. Along with the usual commentaries and deleted scenes, the collection will include a fifth disc with two hours of new bonus material, including a feature on the series' genesis and the aptly titled "*Lethal Weapon* and the Hollywood Monster It Created."



The Color of Money

With Martin Scorsese at the helm, Paul Newman reprising his role as pool shark "Fast Eddie" Felson from 1961's *The Hustler*, and Tom Cruise playing Felson's arrogant protégé, this quasi-sequel was a sure shot. Newman won an Oscar for his performance, and Cruise—who preceded this flick with *Top Gun*—was followed up with *Rain Man*—was pretty much just winning at life. Expect the usual goodies on the Blu-ray disc, like theatrical trailers and making-of footage.



Goon

If you blinked, you probably missed this hockey comedy's limited release earlier this spring, but it's worth searching out the DVD. Seann William Scott stars as a hockey fan who gets his 15 minutes of fame after pummeling a player in the stands. His notoriety earns him an opportunity to be the enforcer for a minor-league team—even though he sucks at hockey and has to wear his brother's figure skates. Okay, it's not exactly *Miracle*, but it has plenty of vulgar laughs, on-ice beat-downs, and funny bonus features.

REVIEWS

THE RETURN OF THE D

Tenacious D end a six-year hiatus with their third album, the immaculately spelled *Rize of the Fenix*.



TENACIOUS D
Rize of the Fenix
Columbia
★★★

Six years after their debut feature film, *The Pick of Destiny*, unexpectedly flopped, Jack Black and Kyle Gass, aka Tenacious D, are back. They've risen, as the new record's speed-burning title track has it, "just like the Phoenix will fuckin' rise again." Much of the comedy in a Tenacious D record comes from hearing Black's bona fide, versatile pipes and the band's substantial musical chops unleashed in service of gleefully ridiculous lyrics and story-songs. In "39," Black does his best Joe Cocker while lauding his "39-year-old lady," and in "Deth Starr," the band—which includes Dave Grohl on drums—navigates a multipart mini-epic worthy of Dio or Queen—with lyrics apparently made up on the spot by *School of Rock*'s Dewey Finn.



SLASH
Featuring Myles Kennedy and the Conspirators
Apocalyptic Love
Dik Hayd/EMI
★★

In 2010, with his post-Guns N' Roses all-star assembly, Velvet Revolver, on hiatus, Slash released a self-titled solo album featuring 14 guest vocalists, including such one-name legends as Iggy, Lemmy, and Ozzy. But when it came time to choose a vocalist for his solo follow-up, the iconic guitarist selected Alter Bridge frontman Myles Kennedy, who sang two tracks on Slash's debut. It was a sensible choice: Kennedy's bellowing tenor is perfectly suited to the straight-shooting cock-rock on offer here, from the swaggering riff in "Anastasia" to "You're a Lie," which crescendos on a guitar pattern reminiscent of the intro to GNR's "Welcome to the Jungle." It's varnished, chugging stuff, slathered with Slash's riffs.



SUNKIL MOON
Among the Leaves
Caldo Verde Records
★★★

Sunkil Moon is the brainchild of Mark Kozelek, and it's more or less an outgrowth of Red House Painters, the 1990s outfit that established Kozelek's career as a somber songsmith. *Among the Leaves* is another melancholy installment in his oeuvre, with spare instrumentation underpinning his wistful, quietly powerful songs. This time out he adds touches of whimsy—in titles like "The Moderately Talented Yet Attractive Young Woman vs. the Exceptionally Talented Yet Not So Attractive Middle Aged Man"—and blues accents, in "That Bird Has a Broken Wing" and "Elaine." Summer release aside, this is the perfect companion for a gray November twilight.



OFF!
OFF!
Vice Records
★★★★

On this self-titled follow-up to *First Four EPs*, their 2010 debut, West Coast punk supergroup OFF! hurtle and bash through 16 songs in roughly 17 minutes. Frontman Keith Morris (Black Flag, Circle Jerks) sneers compact slogans like "sulfuric aftershave, my spirit can't be saved!" atop the propulsive assault of bandmates Steven McDonald (Redd Kross), Dimitri Coats (Burning Brides), and Mario Rubalcaba (Rocket From the Crypt). Songs like "Zero for Conduct" and "Feelings Are Meant to Be Hurt" are compressed master classes in hardcore, while "King Kong Brigade" mixes tempos and stretches out—all the way to the 1:36 mark.

Mock Rock Legends

Tenacious D is part of a long, silly line of parody rockers. Here are five other titans of the tradition.



DR. DEMENTO

He's not a musician, but this radio broadcaster and ethnomusicologist is a giant in the field. He both launched the career of "Weird Al" Yankovic (among others) and helped popularize countless novelty songs (including "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer," "Monster Mash," and "Erase My Eye") on his Los Angeles radio show.



"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC

At 16, he handed Dr. Demento a demo tape of his original and parody songs. One of them made it on the air. Then came "My Bologna," a parody of the Knack's hit single "My Sharona," which the Knack's lead singer championed, launching Yankovic's multimillion-unit-selling career.



THE RUTLES

Monty Python's Eric Idle and Neil Innes, a Python musical collaborator, created this Beatles parody group for a TV comedy sketch. That led to a feature-length mockumentary, *All You Need Is Cash* (also known as *The Rutles*), multiple albums, several tours, two U.K. chart hits, and a sequel, *The Rutles 2: Can't Buy Me Lunch*.



FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS

This Kiwi duo consisting of Bret (or "Brit," as they say in New Zealand) McKenzie and Jemaine Clement are kindred spirits of the D: They have musical chops, they don't do song parodies, and they aren't playing a fictional band. Well, except on their TV show.... Okay, it's confusing. But this much is clear: They are hilarious and wildly versatile.



SPINAL TAP

In 1979, Rob Reiner created a fictional metal band for a short-lived ABC sketch program called *The TV Show*. Five years later, he revived the group, called Spinal Tap (nice umlaut), for a mockumentary called *This Is Spinal Tap*, starring Michael McKean, Christopher Guest, and Harry Shearer. They've since gone to 11 as pop-culture icons.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT): COURTESY TRAVIS SHINN; LUNA HED; STOKED; AL AARON FAIRLEY; GETTY IMAGES; (BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT): GETTY IMAGES; LARRY BUSACCA/GETTY IMAGES; (THIS PAGE) WENDY HESTER/GETTY IMAGES; (THIS PAGE) DANIEL BOCCA/GETTY IMAGES; (THIS PAGE) TIM ROSEN/GETTY IMAGES.

Punk Rock All-Stars

Ranking Recent Alt Supergroups



Band: Them Crooked Vultures

Star power: 10. With Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones, Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme, and Nirvana's (and Foo Fighters') Dave Grohl, this project is as high-wattage as it gets.
Commerce: 5. Self-titled debut album sold 70,000 copies in its first week, debuting at No. 12 on Billboard 200, but tailed off after that.
Art: 8. It may not be as straightforward a rawk record as some fans had hoped, but it's good. And these guys are ace players, obviously. Single "New Fang" won the 2011 Grammy for Best Hard Rock Performance.
Outlook: They say they're making a second record.



Band: The Damned Things

Star power: 8. Scott Ian and Rob Caggiano of Anthrax, Keith Buckley and Josh Newton of Every Time I Die, Joe Trohman and Andy Hurley of Fall Out Boy.
Commerce: 4. Debut album, *Ironiclast*, sold just 6,200 copies in its first week.
Art: 7.5. A glossy, high-octane blend of metal, punk, pop, and rock, loaded with riffage.
Outlook: Unclear at the moment, but we say bring it on.



Band: Wild Flag

Star power: 7. Carrie Brownstein and Janet Weiss of Sleater-Kinney, Mary Timony of Helium, and Rebecca Cole of the Minders.
Commerce: 2. No surprise here: All of their previous bands were more critical successes than commercial ones.
Art: 9. A terrific record that hits "refresh" on indie rock, with plenty of guitars, sixties girl-group harmonies, New Wave accents, and, perhaps most important, an infectious joy for making music.

Outlook: More to come. They're a band, not a side project.

YUMMY GIRL

Meital Dohan isn't shy, whether she's shooting bad-girl roles or a bare-it-all music video. No wonder we can't get enough of the sexy Israeli import.

By Kara Wahlgren

Chances are you've seen Meital Dohan *somewhere* recently. The 32-year-old actress was the object of Chris Messina's obsession in the voyeuristic drama *Monogamy*. She was the girl sporting a strap-on during a memorable sex scene in *Weeds*. She popped up alongside Jon Heder in the online zombie-fest *Woke Up Dead*. And, most recently, she's the viral-video vixen who racked up more than a million views for her debut single, "Yummy"—maybe because she's wearing nothing but boots and pink boxing gloves in the video.

But while she's a rising star stateside, she's a veritable powerhouse in her native Israel. She's won the Israeli equivalent of a Tony and an Emmy, and been nominated for an Israeli Oscar. What else could she do but move to Los Angeles and start over? Dohan says she was drawn to "the power of Hollywood. There are a lot of artists coming from all over the world, but they still want to make it in America." We caught up with the power-hungry pop star to get details on her racy on-screen roles and the unusual inspiration for her music career.

Have you been surprised by all the attention your video has gotten?

I'm excited, you know? My team and I thought the video was crazy and funny. I'm happy to see other people think so.

Who chose your wardrobe?

My stylist! We needed to choose from this type of outfit or that type of outfit—and we decided to go with no outfit. Why debate when you can make your life easier?

The shoot must have turned a few heads.

We shot all over L.A., and, funny enough, I think it looked pretty normal to people. They were like, *Oh, okay, another naked person running out in the street. Cool.* There's one shot where I'm running on a bridge in Santa Monica or Venice, and people were just going by on bicycles. They didn't even look.

What was the concept behind the video?

It's just a secret fantasy of people who need to behave themselves. Have you seen the movie with Michael Douglas where he goes out in traffic and starts shouting at people?

Falling Down.

Yes! I wanted to do something like that. And on another layer, I'm talking about gender switch—women need to wear so many hats, and are expected to be sex objects and superheroes.

Let's talk about your guest spot on *Weeds*. What did you think when you saw the script?

When I signed up to do it, I knew it was a risqué role. I knew it was provocative. But I didn't know what was going to happen in the seventh episode! Then [costar] Justin Kirk is telling me, "Guess what? You're going to put on a gigantic black dildo." I was like, "Ha-ha." And that's exactly what happened. It was hysterical. Believe it or not, they wanted me to do that scene naked. I said, "Look, guys, I have nothing against nudity—but in this case, it might be pushing the envelope a little too far. People might think they got on the wrong channel, you know?" I think they got the idea, because they let me wear a bra and underwear.

That wound up being a breakout role for you in the U.S., but you were already a huge star in Israel. How was that transition?

I never felt so Israeli before I moved



PHOTOGRAPHY: MEENOPOLICE / MAKEUP BY SHARON GAULT

"We needed to choose from this type of outfit or that type of outfit, and we decided to go with no outfit. Why debate when you can make your life easier?"

away from Israel. There are so many barriers as an immigrant—it's still something I feel on a daily basis. But I definitely feel that the U.S. is my second home.

Do you have the same crazy paparazzi culture over there?

I don't think celebrities in Israel get to have the same status as they get to have in America. In Israel, you go out in the street and they're like, "Meital, come over here and sit with us"—like we're old friends. That's the mentality with celebrities in Israel.

You've been compared to everyone from Madonna to Katy Perry to Kylie Minogue. Are you flattered or annoyed by all the comparisons?

I'm flattered! Those are all great women. I love Madonna—I think she influenced a whole generation and did a tremendous job as a messenger for women. I think Katy Perry is very talented, and Kylie Minogue as well. It's all good.

Tell us about your new album.

It's called *I'm in Hate With Love*. It's electropop, a combination of dance tracks like "Yummy" and some more mellow songs.

You're working with some pretty big names—LMFAO producer Rami Afuni, hip-hop producer Che Pope. How'd you get connected with them?

I have a great healer in Israel, a very smart woman who is my spiritual guide. She said, "You have to leave Israel immediately and go back [to the States] and do music." I thought that was crazy. But because she's been amazing in the past, I decided to give it a shot. I came back, and we made three phone calls, and the third person I called was Che Pope. We hit it off immediately, and he took a risk and started working with me. After that, everyone kind of came on board.

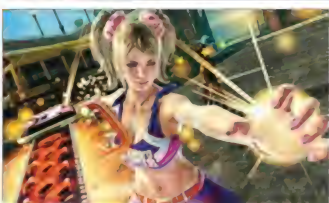
What's your inspiration when writing songs?

A lot of heartbreak and frustration!

Are you going to keep acting, or focus on music?

I'm going to go with whatever happens! If I need to become a guru or a secretary all of a sudden, I would just follow that.

PREVIEWS



Lollipop Chainsaw



WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360, PS3)

The undead have come to brain-munching life in just about every videogame venue imaginable, from sprawling cities to outer space to the local mall, but the setting of this zombie-slaying romp might be the most terrifying of all: high school. At least that's where players begin battling the recently deceased in this bawdy, bloody, over-the-top slasher starring a teen-queen cheerleader armed with a flesh-rendering power tool. In a plot mash-up of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *World War Z*, lethally blonde Juliet discovers that she's the daughter of renowned zombie hunters, and it's up to her to beat back the zombie horde and unearth the source of the outbreak. Not that you'll spend much time

mucking about with plot. The bulk of the gameplay is devoted to disemboweling the undead with Juliet's chain saw and pom-pom-powered melee combat. Zombies explode in more than just a cloud of viscera when Juliet whirls through them. Each slice and dice is embellished with rainbows and hearts, creating a zombie apocalypse that could've been sponsored by Skittles. Quirky homages to *Pac-Man* and other eighties games break up the action, and bosses attack with profanity as well as dirty tricks. Throughout it all, Juliet is given moral support by the reanimated severed head of Nick, her Ken doll of a boyfriend who now dangles from her belt like a grisly key chain. And in case you hadn't guessed, *Lollipop Chainsaw* is made in Japan. It's a panty-shot-packed confection from one of that country's most eccentric game developers.



MAX PAYNE 3
ROCKSTAR GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

A paunchy, washed-up, and strung-out-on-pain-pills Max Payne makes a tragic hero in this hard-boiled sequel, which sends its titular cop-turned-contractor to São Paulo, Brazil, to protect a well-to-do family. Everything goes to hell, of course, and Max once again takes on armies of thugs in John Woo-caliber gunplay. A new animation system—combined with the series' classic slow-motion effects—renders each impact in agonizing detail, and Max's labored motions make it clear that he's too old for this shit. When he dives through a door or takes a haymaker to the jaw, you practically feel it. New multiplayer modes, meanwhile, bring the cinematic combat to online drug wars. Pro players will love the weapon load-outs and level progression; rookies will appreciate the slow-mo effects for steady aim.

AUTO CLUB REVOLUTION
EUTECHNYX (PC)

Part racing game, part Facebook-style community for people who like to go fast, *Auto Club Revolution* adds hard-revving speed to social media. Simply create a profile on AutoClubRevolution.com, choose one of several erotic autos (all licensed from car manufacturers), and join multiplayer races on real-world tracks. Winning runs earn experience points that you can pour into your cars to enhance their performance or tweak their appearance, right down to paint jobs and decals. Control rides a fine line between simulation and arcade-style fun (prepare to power slide!), but you can always consult forum gearheads to find out the best strategy for each track. Oh, and did we mention it's free to play?

THE WITCHER 2: ASSASSINS OF KINGS (ENHANCED EDITION)
WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360)

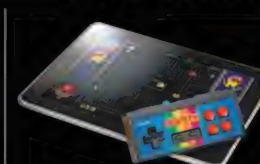
PC gamers are already wise to the *Witcher* series of seedy roleplaying games, and now console players will finally get to revel in the raunchy-wench romps and eviscerating combat. But *The Witcher 2* has a lot more going for it than sex, blood, and salty language. You control Geralt of Rivia, a supernatural assassin with a nearly unlimited arsenal of martial moves. The deep combat system demands deft handling of the 360 controller, but words often speak louder than actions as you work through the multiple plotlines. Dialogue choices have drastic effects on quest objectives and the game's finale. Ultimately, you'll come for the gratuitous nudity, but stay for the story.

Most Valuable Playthings

PHOTO: QUICKFIRE DESTRUCTION PAD COURTESY WARNER INTERACTIVE



POWER GRID AND PROJECT PHOBO KEYBOARD
ROCCAT's Power Grid system, a combination app (available now) and device-docking keyboard (out by year's end), turns your iPhone or Android device into a customizable touch screen for PC gaming.



WICADE 8-BITTY WIRELESS GAME CONTROLLER
Relive the halcyon days of Nintendo-style controls with ThinkGeek's \$30 wireless gamepad for your iPhone, iPad, or Android device.



QUICKFIRE DESTRUCTION PAD
If you're sick of sucking in first-person shooters, add this \$60 PS3 joy pad to your arsenal. It comes with rapid-fire modes and other "enhancements" (don't call 'em cheats!) that level the playing field.



Twenty-First-Century Man

What does it mean to be a man in the new millennium? Joel Stein attempts to find out in his new book.

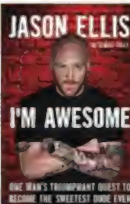
Man Made: A Stupid Quest for Masculinity
By Joel Stein
Grand Central Publishing



Stein wants to know what it means to be a man, and how to embody that meaning so he can set an example for his son, Laszlo. In his quest for that knowledge, he camps out with Boy Scouts, tags along with firefighters, builds a house, attempts to get through basic training, and braves the ring with MMA badass Randy Couture. He's big on self-deprecation: "My anti-masculinity is so strong that every time I meet a real man, I wind up talking about his emotions. I'm like the Man Cooler."

Ultimately, he cops to winding up the way he started: "fearful, lazy, and soft." But it's fun to read about Stein changing up his safe, cozy life behind a computer screen, and it makes you wonder if you could handle some of his adventures. His time in the military with the type of man he most fears ("the kind who is trained to kill people") is especially compelling. And anyone willing to get repeatedly punched in the face and make it sound almost fun deserves kudos.

I'm Awesome: One Man's Triumphant Quest to Become the Sweetest Dude Ever



MMA fighter and radio host Jason Ellis's story, from It Books, starts off with the author eating a cigarette at age three, and it's downhill from there. After a while, it becomes a blur of career accomplishments, sex with various women, and benders. We learn that his nostrils are no longer even from all the coke he did, that he doesn't like anal, he's had to negotiate the price for prostitutes, and having a daughter changed the way he sees women. *I'm Awesome* isn't bad, but its escapades, taken as a whole, add up to something far less than its title promises.

Tasteful Nudes... and Other Misguided Attempts at Personal Growth and Validation



In this essay collection from St. Martin's, comedian Dave Hill captures his aptitude for landing in crazy situations—whether he's attending a clothing-optional dinner cruise or rescuing an old

man from an angry cross-dresser's umbrella assault. Hill also shows a disarming ability to laugh at himself. While in Japan, he presses the "butt button" on the toilet and discovers a jet stream that irrevocably changes him: "I couldn't imagine how I managed to go all those years without being blasted in the taint with water every single day." Even when his tales tread familiar territory—struggling with his first band, living in the Chelsea Hotel—they do so in a way that's long on charm, short on schlock. **C+**

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SERVICING YOUR NEEDS **LifeOnTop**

THE POWER OF CONTROL

Kawasaki's new Ninja blends fast with finesse.

By Bill Heald



PENTHOUSE.COM 25



From its carefully sculpted lines to its internal-engine sorcery, Kawasaki's new Ninja ZX-14R is a true technological wet dream.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline four
Bore x stroke	84 mm x 65 mm
Displacement	1,441 cc
Fuel system	Digital fuel injection
Ignition	TCBI with Digital Advance
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted cartridge forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single gas-charged shock, fully adjustable

Front brakes	Dual 310-mm petal discs, radial calipers
Rear brake	Single 250-mm petal disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	190/50 ZR17
Fuel tank	5.8-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	58.3 inches
Seat height	31.5 inches
Curb weight	584.3 pounds
Base price	Standard colors: \$14,699; Golden Blazed Green: \$14,899

Competition is a beautiful thing, and engineering rivalry can be especially alluring. In fact, things can get downright steamy when two motorcycle companies that specialize in high performance square off with incredibly potent sport bikes to compete for the title of fastest production motorcycle on the planet. The Kawasaki Ninja ZX-14R and its nemesis, the Suzuki Hayabusa, have been locked in a high-speed grudge match for ages, and you might think that with stakes like these, the competitors would be stripped-down dragsters designed for one purpose: to set the fastest time in a quarter-mile sprint. While this is a goal of these machines, there's something much more appealing going on—and it's best exemplified by Kawasaki's new ZX-14R. Threatening to yank your arms from your sockets with instantaneous scenery-blurring acceleration is one thing—doing it with a bike that is a polished pleasure to live with during more sedate, sane riding moments is even more impressive.

At first glance, the new 14R looks like a machine with a sinister purpose, for it is long and low, and its massive 1,441-cc transverse-mounted inline-four is shrouded in aggressive, aerodynamic bodywork. This is a true technological wet dream in that from its carefully sculpted lines to the latest internal-engine sorcery, the engineers have tackled the daunting task of making massive amounts of horsepower on two wheels user-friendly. This machine

will respond to every control input with pulse-quickenning dispatch, but the level of stimulation is up to you, thanks to engine output that can be tuned using two different systems. The first involves selecting fuel-injection mapping to deliver either full- or reduced-power modes (if you don't trust yourself with all those wicked ponies), and the second lets you tweak Kawasaki's traction-control software with a switch on the handlebar. This advanced system was developed in racing circles and balanced with real-world testing, and lets you tame the dragon between your legs to suit road conditions.

The chassis that cradles this beast is very unique, for, as with previous king Ninjas, the frame is a monocoque design. Instead of using traditional beam or trellis architecture, the 14R's structure is based on an aluminum box that stretches from the steering head in front to the swingarm mount in the rear. With the engine case's rigidity serving as an integral part of the chassis, this structure is strong, lightweight, and perfectly suited for both stability and responsive handling on the road. This is a real achievement, for high-speed steadiness and quick steering are often at odds with each other, yet Kawasaki has cracked the code admirably.

With capable riders able to cover the quarter mile in less than ten seconds, the ZX-14R has attacked its Suzuki rival with a truly brilliant weapon. The blade does the work, but a comfortable handle makes wielding such a potent device a pleasure in any situation. **OT**



The Juice Is Loose

Tesla enters the performance-sedan arena, charged with technology.

By Bill Heald

The image of the electric car has been a complicated one. On the one hand, there's the environmental set applauding the reduction of things like greenhouse gases, dependence on petroleum, the complexity of the internal combustion engine, etc., by adopting a plug-in lifestyle. On the other hand, this enthusiasm hasn't been shared by everybody, to say the least. Not only have electric automobiles not appealed to car enthusiasts, they have been considered laughable in performance circles. Leisurely acceleration and limited range were bad enough, but given the styling of a lot of the available cars (including some of the latest models), well, who wants to be seen driving a toaster?

In 2003, Tesla Motors arrived on the scene as an all-new car company created by some entrepreneurial Silicon Valley engineers, and they have been working hard ever since to shatter that perception of electric cars. The first fruit of their labors was the Tesla Roadster—a white-hot sports coupe, thanks to a body by Lotus and an all-electric drivetrain capable of blowing the doors off some of the most exotic machinery in the world. It does so with an eerie electric whine that is its own special dialect of motor-music, and shows how cool a box of angry electrons can be.

You've broken new ground, so what do you do next? If you're Tesla, you spend years developing your next projects, and add a sedan to go along with your groundbreaking coupe. This attractive, rear-wheel-drive electric performance sedan, the Model S, is designed to bring some of that Tesla hotness to a larger audience. That will include both more passengers and more owners, for it's a roomy four-door (yet the cool aerodynamic styling looks right at home next to the

Roadster), and the price of admission is about half of the company's debut model, putting it within reach of more buyers. And the S offers a choice of battery sizes to those seeking more performance. Unlike the other guys, who suffer a gas-mileage penalty (and reduced range because of it) when they opt for a more powerful mill, when you put a larger lithium-ion battery in the S you get more power, more acceleration, and more range. With the largest battery pack available, zero to 60 mph acceleration drops to 4.4 seconds, and range jumps to 300 miles between charges.

This is a truly impressive accomplishment. You get a hot sports sedan with all the trappings, and yet never burn any fuel or emit any emissions. Tesla offers a choice of charging stations to keep you juiced, and a selection of trim/performance levels, plus a broad variety of options on the creature-comfort, infotainment, and performance fronts to tailor this exotic electric to your tastes. That part should be easy, because you've already shown impeccable refinement in picking the only sporting four-door in the world that's as advanced and responsible as it is entertaining. There's electricity in the air, and it smells a lot like burning rubber.



SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	Liquid-cooled electric motor
Power	362 horsepower
Torque	306 foot-pounds
Transmission	Single-speed fixed gear
Front tires	245/45 R19
Rear tires	245/45 R19
Curb weight	TBA

PERFORMANCE	
0-60	6.5 seconds (40 kWh battery)
Top speed	110 mph
Fuel capacity	Lithium-ion battery pack, 40 kWh (optional 60 and 85 kWh)
EPA mpg	Not applicable
Base price	\$49,900 (with \$7,500 federal tax credit)



Tesla's E-SUV

With the S sedan going into production, Tesla unveiled its latest concept to follow: the Model X, an SUV with available all-wheel drive. The Tesla treatment includes "Falcon" gullwing rear doors, seating for up to seven, a lower center of gravity than any SUV on the road, and a wide choice of drivetrain performance options. With the largest battery pack available, the big vehicle should be able to sprint to 60 mph in under five seconds. Unique styling inside and out reflects an elegant, modern approach as unique as its all-electric powertrain, as well as Tesla's aggressive attitude in bringing its own brand of cool efficiency to an expanding model lineup. Production is slated to begin in late 2013.





■ **AR.Drone 2.0**

Parrot • \$300
Piloting this "quadcopter" is the closest any civilian will get to flying one of Uncle Sam's Predator aircraft. Especially suited for outdoor flight, this updated version of the four-rotor flying machine comes with an improved interface and a contoured hull that reduces wind resistance while increasing stability. The drone's front-facing HD camera transmits a 1,280-by-720-resolution video feed to your smartphone/tablet display in real time, putting you in the virtual cockpit. Shape-recognition software turns the world into a battlefield for augmented-reality games and dogfights—at least that's what you'll tell your neighbors when they realize the drone is capable of recording backyard shenanigans from above.



■ **Durango camera glasses**
Pivthead • \$349

If you don't mind looking like a Borg that's assimilated Bausch + Lomb, these camera-equipped glasses offer the ultimate in first-person shooting. The gyroscopically stabilized camera lens that's set right between the auto-tinting lenses captures 1,080p video at 30 frames per second, or eight-megapixel still images. Eight gigabytes of onboard memory store roughly two hours of HD video, which you upload to your computer via a micro-USB cable. The frames are weatherproof and shockproof, so they'll survive extreme-sports mishaps, although the on/off switch near the left temple could be tricky to work with thick gloves. Despite their clunky design, the glasses are more streamlined than helmet-mounted outdoor cameras. Framing shots is easier, too. After all, what you see is what you'll get.

■ **Forerunner 910XT**
Garmin • \$450

Triathletes won't find a better training buddy—or a more persistent rival—than this multi-sport watch that switches seamlessly among biking, swimming, and running modes at the push of a button. Each setting records reams of data, from speed and altitude for biking to stroke type and efficiency while swimming. Upload your training record wirelessly to Garmin's website to analyze your performance. Better still, load your watch with performance data from previous sessions or other users and compete in Virtual Racer mode.



■ **Eco Terra boom box**
Grace Digital Audio • \$150

Neither rain nor snow nor sand nor surf will harm your smartphone or music player when it's encased in the Eco Terra boom box, a shock-resistant, portable speaker system built for camping, boating, or high-altitude adventure. The waterproof internal compartment holds an iPhone, BlackBerry, or Android smartphone—any media player with a 3.5-millimeter headphone jack—and boasts storage space for cash, keys, and your driver's license. It's built to float if it falls from your boat, and even bobs speaker-side up so your tunes won't miss a beat. Four C batteries are required to power the three-inch full-range speakers, or use the AC adapter while rocking out indoors.

Far-Out

Seize every summer day with gadgets that help you play outside.

By Crispin Boyer

■ **Wavecave surfboard bag/tent**
Wavecave •
approximately \$300 to \$400, depending on board size

It's a surfboard bag that transforms into beachfront property: The sturdy Wavecave combines a board carrier and a two-man tent in one package. Pitching the tent takes just a few minutes. Simply plop it down on a flat stretch of sand, remove the tent from its internal pocket, then zip the tent's shell around the bag's outside edge to erect it. It can be staked to the ground for windy nights, and its waterproof canvas is sturdy enough for regular campground use. And since the built-in board padding doubles as ground cushioning, the Wavecave will seem like posh accommodations to beach bums accustomed to roughing it.



■ **nanoSTRIKER fire starter**
Exotac • \$27

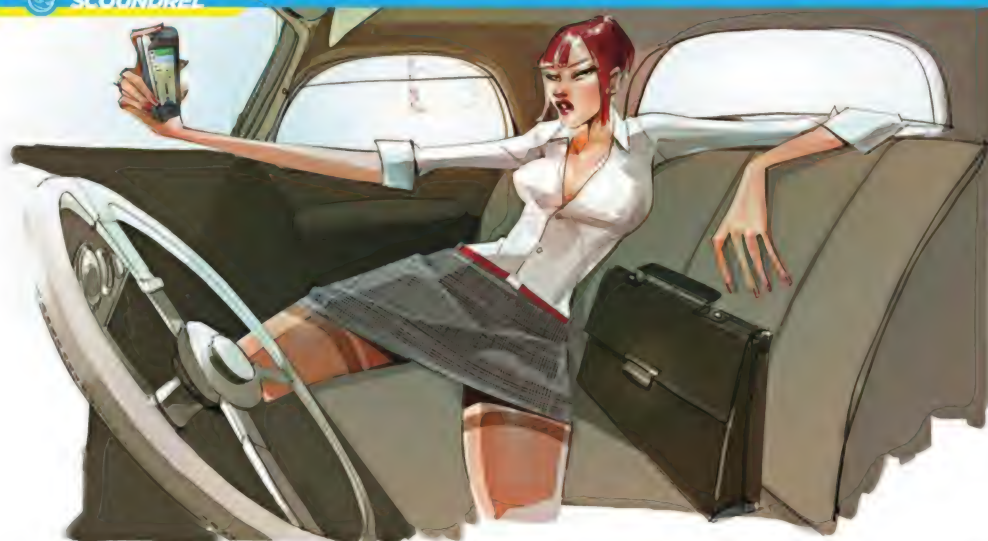
Rubbing sticks together is so last-century. Up-to-date outdoorsmen light their fires by grinding metal on metal. This tool—which will be familiar to anyone who's watched survivalist shows—comes with a toothpick-size rod of ferrocerium and magnesium that erupts into sparks when you scratch it with the included tungsten carbide bar. Set fire to any suitable tinder—from dried grass to belly-button lint—up to 1,000 times. When not in use, it collapses into a key-chain-friendly dangle. Whip out this party-starter during your next camping trip and impress the ladies with your Bear Grylls-style skills.

Turn your campsite or the stadium parking lot into a gourmet kitchen with this versatile portable grill.

■ **Party Hub grill-fryer**
Blacktop 360 • \$250

Turn your campsite or the stadium parking lot into a gourmet tailgating kitchen with this versatile portable grill that's fueled by a standard propane canister. The Party Hub offers three cooking zones—an infrared grill for searing burgers and hot dogs, a griddle for pancakes and bacon, and a deep fryer for fries and onion rings—plus a warming plate and lid to keep dishes from drying out. Drain the oil from the fryer and it doubles as a cooking pot for chili or stir-fry. The entire hibachi-size contraption fits into a shoulder-slung carrying bag that protects your clothes or car from getting greasy (although the ceramic surface cleans easily with a wet paper towel).





Drive, She Said

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to go from pre-work drive-time buddy to post-work fuck buddy.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I just started a new job. While chatting up a hot coworker in the break room, I found out that we live in the same neighborhood. She suggested we start driving to work together to take advantage of the HOV lane. When I asked her why she didn't ride into work with her boyfriend, she said she was single, and added a flirty grin. Ever since, I've been fantasizing about getting road head from her on the way to work. But so far we've had only one ride together, and it didn't go well. She made fun of my CDs so much that I switched to public radio (apparently she's not a fan of jam bands). Then she told me my hybrid was something her parents would drive. Now I can't tell if she was just playfully teasing me or if I've made a wrong turn I can't come back from. How do I get on the right track?

How do you get on the right track? First off, don't play any tracks by Dave Matthews Band. The only way you're going to get away with blasting DMB is if you're driving a BMW. You're driving a parental-style hybrid that screams "middle of the road," and I don't mean fucking in the middle of the road. I mean, you probably seem more boring than watching highway paint dry. You might as well just play hangman every morning, because she ain't wondering whether you're hung, man. Next time you talk, explain that the CDs she saw were left over from some other chick—then put the radio on whatever station in your area has the call letters HOT. Come on, NPR? Really, dude? That's for the girl who's impressed by the hybrid. Speaking of your sound system, why not install a subwoofer under her seat? You'd be

amazed how quickly a passenger seat can become one big vibrator.

The important thing is getting her over to your place. Once you've gotten to know what she really likes, get an impressive manifestation of it for your house. Example: She tells you she's a huge Bon Jovi fan. You buy a Jon Bon Jovi figure on eBay. Bring up Bon Jovi again and say, "Oh, by the way, I meant to tell you that I have a life-size likeness of him." She'll be all, "No way! I have to get my picture taken with it." Boom. She's at your place. That's when you say, "Oh, remember how you said you were a huge Van Halen fan? This is Sammy Hagar's tequila I was telling you about." After a few shots, you'll be "too drunk" to drive her home, and she'll have to crash at your place. Just don't play "Crash" by Dave Matthews while she's there. **OT**

Kölsch Crush

This summer, opt for an elegant, eminently chuggable German ale that drinks like a lager.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

When the mercury climbs toward triple digits and clothes start dropping like it's a *Penthouse* shoot, it's time to reassess the suds you're sipping. For decades, summertime in America has meant a call to arms—and hands—for icy

canned beers, such as Bud Light and Coors Light. I love a frosty Silver Bullet tall boy as much as the next parched man sweating at the beach, but when it comes to that elusive balance of flavor and refreshment, I opt for one of Germany's lesser-known beer styles: Kölsch.

Don't be frightened by the umlaut. Kölsch is as accessible as it is trickily spelled. This light, elegant beer, hailing from Cologne, Germany, is a study in equilibrium, restraint, and meticulous craftsmanship. By and large, crisp lagers, whose bottom-fermenting yeasts prefer cooler temperatures, dominate Germany. (They also take longer to ferment, hence the term *lager*; *lagern* means "to rest" in German.) Rarer are ales, whose top-fermenting yeasts favor warmer temperatures, creating fruity flavors (a cloudy hefeweizen is an ale). Consider Kölsch the best of both worlds, like having a three-way with your mistress and your wife.

To develop Kölsch's gentle, lightly fruity profile, the subtly bittered beer is fermented at toasty temperatures. Afterward, a stint of chilly lagering smooths out the sweet malts and adds a snappy character that's suited for

summertime drinking. The pretty, pale result is traditionally served in a narrow, cylindrical glass called a *stange*. (When drinking Kölsch at a bar in Cologne, brusque waiters called *Köbes*, who wear blue shirts and long aprons, deliver Kölsch on circular trays. They'll keep bringing it till you slide a coaster over your glass.)

In the rush to create burly imperial stouts aged in bourbon barrels, and dizzying double IPAs made with bales of bitter hops, the subtle pleasures of Kölsch are often overlooked by brewers. But since this easy-sipping style is so summer-friendly, it's increasingly become a favorite of those searching for an offbeat, hot-weather offering. "I didn't want to do a typical golden ale or a corn ale," says Josh Brewer, the appropriately named brewmaster at Mother Earth Brewing in Kinston, North Carolina. He created Endless River, a Kölsch that is crisp, refreshing, and highlighted by a gentle grassy bitterness. "I wanted something with a little more flavor."

You should, too. Check out a few of our favorite cooler-worthy brews and buy a six-pack or two. We foresee a Kölsch crush in your future.



ALASKAN SUMMER ALE

Though "summer" is not the first word you associate with "Alaska," the long-running Juneau brewery's straw-gold ode to sun and fun is a balanced all-day drinker. The smooth, medium-bodied brew offers a touch of malty sweetness and citrusy hops, as well as a crispness that keeps you sipping summertime again and again.



GAFFEL KÖLSCH

Hailing from Kölsch's birthplace of Cologne, this classic German quaff smells of honeysuckle, plum, and ever so lightly, grapefruit. Gaffel's refreshingly brisk carbonation leads to flavors of bread yeast and earthy hops, and closes with a lemon twist.



MOTHER EARTH BREWING ENDLESS RIVER

North Carolina has quietly become one of the country's brewing meccas. One of our favorites is Mother Earth's Endless River, which pours as golden as Fort Knox's finest. It smells of honey-dipped flowers and drinks as crisp as seltzer, with a gorgeous, grassy bite.



BALLAST POINT PALE ALE

While the San Diego brewery is known for its pungently bitter IPAs, it demonstrates deft restraint with this pale ale modeled on Kölsch. It smells lightly malt-sweet and offers up elegant notes of grass, citrus, and fruit. It drinks as easy as iced tea.



SAMUEL ADAMS EAST-WEST KÖLSCH

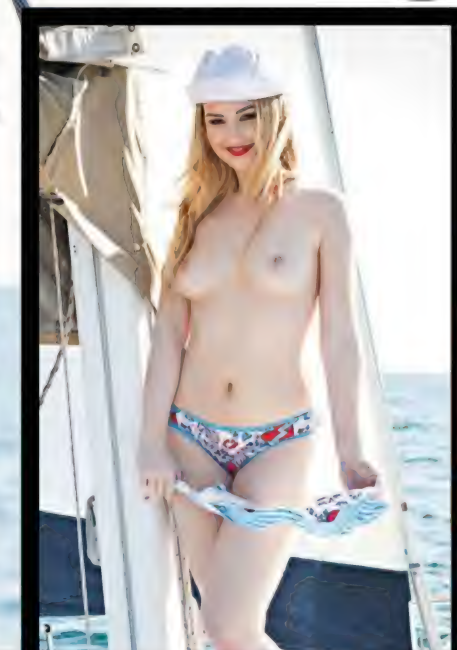
The summertime seasonal from Samuel Adams is a terrific thirst-quencher, presenting a fragrant, herbaceous profile and plenty of biscuits and toast on the tongue. The grassy, lemony character comes courtesy of Alsatian Strisselspalt hops, while the floral aroma is accomplished by aging the beer atop a bed of jasmine flowers. **OT**



smoothsailing

Who wouldn't want to get to know 23-year-old Katie K.? This 34-24-34 beauty from Blackpool, England, is spontaneous and fun, and boasts about her blowjob skills. Even better, she's already shot a steamy girl-girl set with another of our favorite blondes, the luscious Alexis Texas, for an upcoming issue. Yep, we're in lust.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





"The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had was in my first movie. I was so into the girl, and she just stripped me naked in the middle of a busy London street, kissed me, and touched me all over while lots of people watched."



"I fantasize about being pulled over by a policewoman, who drags me out of my car, throws me over the hood, and has her wicked way with me!"



SAILBOAT PROVIDED BY JON MICHAEL MURPHY





"I don't have an ideal man looks-wise, but I like guys who can make me laugh, who treat me like a princess, and who use their brains and make dates special."

SEE MORE OF NATIE AT RENTHOUSE.COM



Ryan White and Matt Martin

FIGHTING WORDS

Make no mistake, the NHL will ban fisticuffs in your lifetime.

By John Bolster

This past spring, *Sports Illustrated* conducted a poll of pro hockey players, asking them if the NHL should ban fighting. The results were overwhelming: 99.5 percent of the players—all but one who participated in the survey—said that fighting should not be banned.

The magazine conducted an identical poll on Facebook and got nearly identical results, with

90 percent of respondents saying fighting should stay in the game.

These are remarkable numbers, and they go a long way toward explaining why brawling remains very much a part of hockey, despite persistent claims that its role is diminishing.

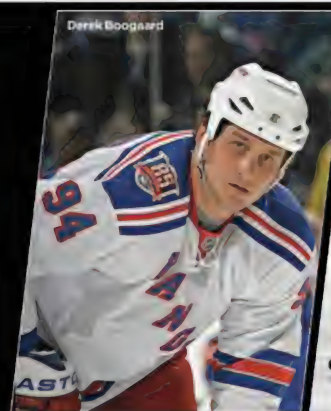
But *SI*'s question neglects the bigger picture at this stage of the game, which is this: Even though fighting remains an integral part of hockey at the moment, the practice

will be banned by the NHL, eventually. The debate over whether that should or should not happen (see *Penthouse* June 2008) will be superseded by the legal realities soon to come into play. When they do, on-ice brawling will go the way of the dodo bird.

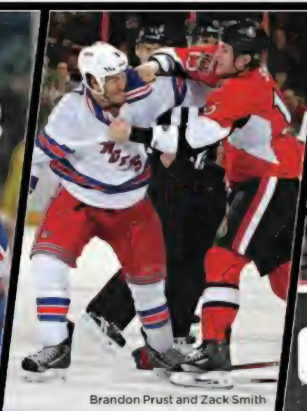
Hockey fans would do well to look at what's happening in the National Football League. This past spring, NFL commissioner Roger Goodell suspended New Orleans Saints coach Sean Payton for one year; the team's GM, Mickey Loomis, for eight regular-season games; assistant coach Joe Vitt for six; and former defensive coordinator Gregg Williams indefinitely after it was disclosed that the Saints ran a bounty program in which defensive players received financial rewards for injuring opponents (examples: "knockouts" were worth \$1,500; "cartoffs" \$1,000).

While announcing the penalties, Goodell said that the bounty program ran counter to one of "the league's most important initiatives—enhancing player health and safety."

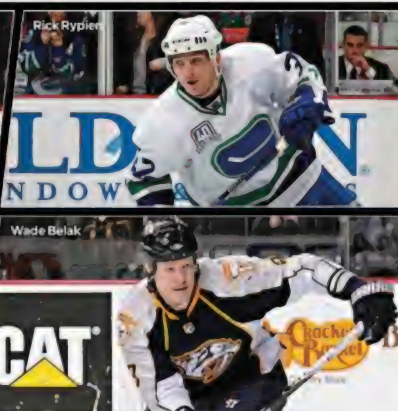
PHOTOGRAPH BY LEFT: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; RIGHT: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES. PHOTOS BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES. PHOTOS BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES. PHOTOS BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES.



Derek Boogaard



Brandon Prust and Zack Smith



Rick Rypien

Wade Belak

He returned to that theme in his closing sentence, and dozens of media members pointed to the punishments as proof of Goodell's commitment to protecting NFL players. We don't doubt that concern for player safety was a reason for the suspensions, but it was probably a secondary one, a by-product of the league's more pressing concern, which is to protect itself from liability regarding player safety.

The NFL has been forced to confront player-safety issues during the past few years—specifically concerns about the appearance of chronic traumatic encephalopathy (C.T.E.) in the brains of more than 20 deceased former players, and post-concussion syndrome in hundreds of living alums. According to Boston University, a leading researcher in the field, C.T.E. is "a progressive degenerative disease of the brain found in athletes (and others) with a history of repetitive brain trauma." In other words, repeated blows to the head give you brain damage. Go figure.

According to NFL Concussion Litigation.com, since August 2011, when the first lawsuit was filed, 51 suits regarding head injuries have been aimed at the NFL. The most recent claim, as of this writing, involves 126 former NFL players, including Super Bowl-winning quarterback Mark Rypien, and alleges that the league was aware of the risks of repetitive traumatic brain injury, but hid that information and misled players. The plaintiffs are seeking reparations for "various neurological conditions and symptoms related to the multiple

head traumas." Five of these claims are wrongful-death lawsuits.

If you're a hockey fan, you know that last spring and summer, three of the NHL's toughest enforcers, Derek Boogaard, Rick Rypien, and Wade Belak, died within a few months of one another. They made their living, essentially, by bare-knuckle brawling. Boogaard, 28, died of an overdose of alcohol and prescription drugs; Rypien, 27, was a suicide; and Toronto police treated the death of Belak, 35, as a suicide as well, though his family maintains it was accidental.

C.T.E. can only be diagnosed by autopsy, but its symptoms include memory loss, confusion, impulse-control problems, depression, and impaired judgment. Boston University researchers examined Boogaard's brain and found significant evidence of C.T.E., so much so that the co-director of the program told *The New York Times* it was a "wow moment." Boogaard battled addiction and depression in the last months of his life, and both Belak and Rypien suffered from depression. (The brains of several other NHL tough guys, including legendary enforcer Bob Probert, also have been diagnosed with C.T.E.)

The NFL, after first dismissing the leading C.T.E. research, is now helping fund it. Is there any doubt that the NHL—which not only oversees an extremely physical game that has a concussion problem of its own, but also sets aside time and space in its games for two players to square off and punch each other in the head—is headed down the same path?

But listen to Commissioner Gary Bettman, speaking to *The New York Times* after the three deaths last year, and the release of the medical findings on Boogaard's brain: "There isn't a lot of data, and the experts who we talked to, who consult with us, think that it's way premature to be drawing any conclusions at this point. Because we're not sure that any, based on the data we have available, is valid."

We're amazed the reporter could even hear the commissioner, since Bettman was obviously speaking with his head buried neck-deep in the sand. But actually, what sounds like willful ignorance on Bettman's part is just legal cover: *We consult with experts, we look at available data—we're not liable for these players' fates.*

But Bettman's phony rebuttals will fall by the wayside, and the league will eventually have to face the reality that fighting (particularly when it involves six-foot-seven, 270-pound players like Boogaard who take boxing lessons) increases the risk of brain injury to NHL players—and the league's liability for the same.

Once that first lawsuit is filed, or when a player is permanently injured or killed during an on-ice confrontation, the NHL will skate swiftly down the path the NFL has already started walking.

So enjoy the brawls while they're here, fight fans. And they may last a while yet, we'll grant you that. But make no mistake, the lawyers are coming, and they're puttin' on the foil. **OT—**



SPRING AHEAD

Nothing says we're ready for summer like hot chicks in skimpy swimsuits, so we went to PenthouseStore.com, picked out just a few of the available sexy bikinis, and called in some of our models. (Bonus: All the suits are made in the United States.) Get ready for steamy summer action.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

Left: Adrienne Manning in the pucker-back tie-side monokini with antique eyelet and bead trim in Indigo (J. Valentine, model #9017, \$80). Right: Jenna Rose in foil pucker-back tie-side bikini set with hemalyke rings in Purple (J. Valentine, model #2153, \$70).





Left: Ryan Keely in pucker-back tie-side cuddle bikini set with silver beads in Aqua Vines (J Valentine, model #2137, \$60). Center: Adrienne in pucker-back tie-side cuddle bikini set with lace-up cuffs in Colt (J Valentine, model #2163, \$70). Right, from left: Ryan in Rock n Roll, a limited-edition bikini with silver lightning foil accents, adonized-aluminum connecting rings, and a rhinestone medallion (The Original Rockstar, \$130); Alexis Ford in pucker-back bikini set with metal ball studs and rings in Black/Red Crocodile (J Valentine, model #2138, \$80); Adrienne in pucker-back tie-side monokini with antique O-ring trim in Coral Snake (J Valentine, model #3023, \$70).





Left: Stevie Shae in Chained Love, a limited-edition bikini with hand-placed Swarovski stones and adonized-aluminum triple chains (The Original Rockstar, \$140). Right: Adrienne in pucker-back tie-side bikini set with wood rings in New Bohemia (J Valentine, model #3018, \$70).



LADY, GO DITIE!

By Mickey Spillane and Max Allan Collins • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

Mike Hammer is badder than ever in a new novel. Drinks are consumed, guns are drawn, blood is spilled, and of course dames are bedded.

I felt right at home moving through the mosaic-floored, marble-columned Waldorf-Astoria lobby. Maybe the Waldorf seems an unlikely place for such a lowbrow, illegal activity as a poker game. But the high stakes involved made the setting just right.

Nobody was outside Suite 2525. The lug who cracked the door had confidence—he wasn't bothering with a night-latch. The half a bashed nose and single cauliflower ear showing said he was an ex-pug.

I said, "I need a word with Bill Evans and Miami Bull."

"They're busy," he started to close the door but I gave it the kind of straight-arm a lineman gives a blitzing linebacker, and it opened, all right.

I shut the door quietly and had a good look at what I was dealing with.

He was even burlier when you saw all of him, and both ears were cauliflower. He was well-groomed for a thug, clean-shaven and in a suit almost as nice as my tweeds. But he was still just a thug. I took out the .45 and let him look down the barrel.

There was nothing down that dark hole that you could call comforting.

"See, I did have an invitation," I said.

He started to say something, and I thought maybe he was going to yell a warning. But I clamped my hand over his mouth and shoved the .45 snout in his belly and shook my head sternly.

Quietly I said, "It's not a heist, friend. I really am here just to talk to Bill Evans or maybe Miami Bull. This is a friendly call.... so far."

Beyond us two decorative dames sat on opposing couches. One doll was a bright-eyed blonde chewing gum and filing her nails, the other a redhead reading a fashion magazine. The redhead had her back to me

and might have been naked. The blonde had on a white halter top with matching bolero pants and little white heels, a creamy little cutie.

The ex-pug was backing up slow, his sausage-fingered mitts raised about chest high. I was pressing forward with the .45 in my right hand and the forefinger of my left hand raised to my lips, shushing him. We were pretty deep into the living room before the two dames noticed us.

The blonde yipped like a puppy with its tail stepped on and I gave her a nasty glance that shut her up. The redhead, who had green eyes and a dress and heels to match, barely looked up from her *Vogue*.

I walked him into the dining room. The men around the table had the look of expectant fathers in a waiting room. There were six of them, serious-faced men with loosened ties and suspenders and faces that hadn't been shaved lately. On the periphery several other bodyguard types sat, reacting to our entry with professional alarm but knowing enough to keep their butts planted. A doll—nice-looking, in a French maid getup—was there to provide drinks when asked.



I was bringing back a foot to kick Tony in the face when Johnny C stepped out, his easy smile turning to horror-struck alarm as he saw the bloody mess.

From the way she slumped in her chair, she hadn't been asked for a while.

The ex-pug and I just stood there till they finished the hand. I couldn't see being impolite.

Evans won the big pot with three tens. Nobody made a comment as he hauled the chips in. I doubted much talking had gone on for some time.

The ex-pug cleared his throat and finally everybody noticed us. They weren't any more impressed than the redhead. Of course, they couldn't see the gun. "This guy wants to talk to Mr. Evans or maybe Mr. Peters."

I edged out a little from behind the pug, still keeping the rod concealed. "Hiya, Bill. Been a while."

Evans broke focus enough to smile a little. "Well hi, Mike." He was stacking the chips he'd just won. That would take a while. "Guys, this is Mike Hammer. He's that crazy private eye that makes the papers all the time."

"I just need a couple of minutes with Bill. And maybe Miami Bull."

I patted the doorman on the shoulder and said, "You can go now," and he scooted, fast enough for the players to notice me shoving the .45 under my arm. No reaction from this bunch, just the poker faces you'd expect.

Bill walked over, working his neck, popping vertebrae. "What can I do for you? You got more than one favor coming, after that night in Chicago you ran those Outfit wops off my tail."

"I don't need a favor, Bill. Just a word. Have you heard about the Sharron Wesley killing?" He had. He knew all about her gambling setup, too, and had been there several times.

I said, "Sharron Wesley was no Vassar girl. She was no dope, either, but we're still talking a chorus-gal cupcake who parlayed a nice build into a rich husband."

Bill smirked. "A rich husband they say she bumped."

"I'll lay odds that's more than a rumor. My point is, there is no way in hell that casino was her private operation. She had to have a silent partner."

He nodded. "You bet she did. Ever hear of Johnny C?"

"Johnny Casanova?"

His name was actually Casanove, but he was a pretty boy who attracted

dames like flies to sugar, and the lover-man nickname had been around as long as he'd been on the scene.

"That was his casino? But the Wesley dame inherited big dough. Why would she let a syndicate type like Casanova take over?"

Bill shrugged. "Word is Johnny C had something on her. Maybe proof she bumped off her rich hubby."

"Could she have been Casanova's mistress?"

"I've sat in a couple of games in the last six months or so where Sharron Wesley was hanging around. She'd show all dolled up, and seem like she was part of the entertainment committee ..."

He jerked a thumb toward the blonde and redhead. "... But those two in there? Anybody at the table who wants to grab one by the arm, on a break, is free to do so."

"Free to do what?"

"What I said! Grab her. Haul her in that bedroom. But not Sharron. She sat around looking pretty, flirted with players, cheered winners on, that sort of thing. But she never went into the bedroom with anybody but Johnny C. And then not for long."

"Not long enough to ... entertain?"

"Not unless the Great Casanova is a 30-second man. Don't you get it? How about this, Mike? She always came with a purse. A great big purse. And I don't think it had her knitting in it."

Miami Bull joined us, smoking a stogie that could use the outdoors.

Bill nodded toward me. "I was just catching up Mike here on the Johnny C and Sharron Wesley romance."

"Romance my Hungarian balls," Miami Bull droned. "She was his damn bagman! Good-looking one, maybe, but a bagman all the way."

Pat had told me about Sharron Wesley's New York visits, and her party-girl hanging-on at poker fetes. I should have put it together sooner.

"Gents," I said, "you have done me a big favor. Much appreciated, and I wish you both many happy hands and one whopping pot after another."

I was halfway into the living room when I looked back and asked, "Any idea where Johnny C might hang out on a Monday night?"

"Almost any night," Bill said, "you

can find him at El Borracho. Johnny's got a back booth that's as close as he comes to an office."

I got myself a rye and soda at the bar and made my way to Johnny C's corner booth. The matinee-idol-handsome Johnny had baby dolls on either side of him. A redhead and a blonde again. This time it was the blonde who seemed bored and the redhead who looked bright-eyed.

Book-ending the booth were two outsize bodyguards. One had an interesting decorative touch around his thick neck—purple and yellow bruises, splotchy things. Like the kind that got made when somebody was choking you and really putting some effort into it. I had never seen this boy, a tiny-eyed sort with a hook nose, or his friend, a dimple-chinned specimen with a black burr haircut.

What was interesting was that they were both scowling at me in apparent recognition. Being a shrewd detective, I deducted more or less immediately that this was the pair who yesterday had rifled my office and scuffled with me in the dark.

"Mike Hammer," Johnny C said in his smooth baritone, lifting his Manhattan as if in a toast.

I sat facing Johnny and tossed the scented hanky on the table. "I've spent a couple days trying to find out who Sharron Wesley's silent partner was," I said, "and all this time the answer was in my pocket. I found that in a money cage at the casino. I

figured it for a lady's because of the delicate work and the scent. But that 'G' is for Giovanni ... Italian for John."

Johnny C said nothing. The smile was gone, the cold eyes remained.

I sipped my rye and soda. "Maybe it is a 'lady's' hanky. Maybe you sleep with Frick and Frack here, and the dollies are just window dressing." The blonde was smiling at me. Pay dirt.

"I don't really give a damn either way," I said, "but Sharron Wesley sure as hell wasn't your moll."

Johnny C shrugged, reclaimed the hanky and stuck it away somewhere. "Joe, Tony ... show Mr. Hammer outside. In the alley. I'll join you shortly. I'd like to have a private talk with him."

Both hoods grinned at their boss, nodded, then grinned at me.

"I'm game," I said, getting up.

It was no darker out there than in El Borracho. Tony shut the door on the nightclub noises and city sounds took over, like the yell Joe let out when I sent my heel into his knee, sharp and hard. I swung around to face Tony, whose tiny little eyes got as wide as they could. I head-butted him in his hooked nose.

Then Tony was busy dealing with twin streams of blood from flared nostrils. Thanks to his hurting knee, Joe was kneeling like he was about to receive communion, but what he got was a roundhouse right hand that turned his mouth into a red foamy thing spitting teeth like seeds. Tony was trying to recover, still on his feet but wobbly, his lower face a mask

of scarlet. I figured he needed some rest, too, and sunk a fist into his gut so deep that puking was his only option. That, and tottering till he fell, doing a nasty belly-flop on the bricks. Joe was holding up red-smeared palms, begging for mercy, or anyway I think he was—you couldn't make out much from the bubbling froth.

I was bringing back a foot to kick Tony in the face when the door opened and Johnny C stepped out, his easy smile turning to horror-struck alarm as he saw the bloody mess his fallen angels were making. "Don't, Hammer! You'll kill him! Please!"

I didn't figure a kick in the head would kill the punk, but Johnny had said please.

The too-handsome gambling czar rushed over. "Ye gods, Hammer! I really just wanted to talk in private! There was no need for this."

"You should have been more clear," I said with a shrug, digging out a ruined deck of Luckies and fingering out a semblance of a cigarette. "Anyway, those two shook down my office yesterday. And they handed me my tail. So I handed theirs back."

I stuffed the crumpled cigarette in my mouth and got it going somehow. "Why have my office tossed, Johnny? What did I ever do to you?"

He sighed. His boys were providing background music with their whimpering. Actually, Joe was weeping. Their boss glanced at them with concern. Maybe he did sleep with them.

He turned to me. "I heard you were

poking into the Wesley killing. I have my own interests in that matter."

"What the hell was going on out there that has you and Dekkert and the entire Sidon city government doing handstands?"

"Mike," he said, "you're probably aware Sharron delivered our weekend take to me, in cash, regularly." His smile turned into a sour twitch. "She was skimming from me."

"That skim over a period of months, or even a year, could really add up."

"Yes. Yes, it could. We're both lucky that Sidon has the corrupt police force it does. A real murder investigation by the state police would mean that mansion and those grounds would be turned upside down. My money would be found, and confiscated."

Johnny sucked in deep on the cigarette holder, and when he finally exhaled, smoke floated skyward like a new Pope had been picked.

He leaned closer. He smelled like that hanky. "If you can find the stashed skim money, you can have yourself a fat finder's fee. Twenty-five percent."

"You wouldn't be trying to distract me now, would you, Johnny?"

He scowled. "You know damn well I didn't kill the Wesley woman! Your search for her killer will not lead to me." Damn. I believed him.

"If you don't find the money," he went on, "or if someone beats you to it, I will still pay your daily rate."

"All right," I said. "Fifty a day. I cover my own expenses."

"Very generous of you, Mike."

We'll start that rate as of yesterday, as a gesture to make up for what happened at your office. Mea culpa."

"Yeah. Your culpa, all right."

"Could you help with one other item, Mr. Hammer?"

He nodded toward his two boys, who had managed to get themselves into sitting positions against the side of the building. "I'd like to get Joe and Tony to a hospital. Could you help me convey them to my car?"

What the hell—why not?

The pieces were coming together now. I didn't know if I could lay hands on Johnny C's money. But I would soon have a killer in my grasp, or on the end of my rod.

Either way, I'd be squeezing.

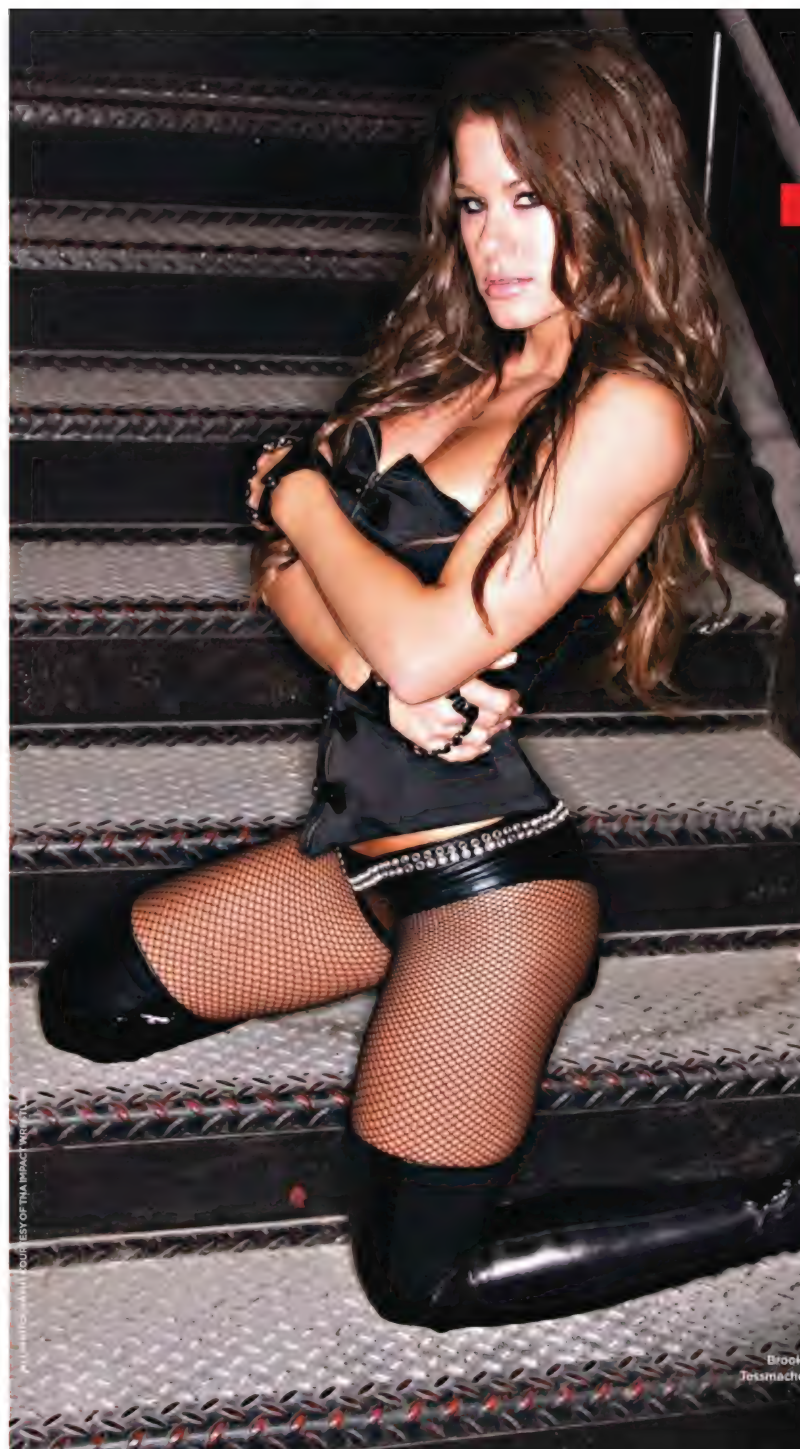
This excerpt is from *Lady, Go Die!*: A Mike Hammer Novel by Mickey Spillane and Max Allan Collins, published by Titan Books in hardcover on 8 May.



STRONG, SEXY, AND EXTREMELY LETHAL

Equal parts vixen and vanquisher, the TNA Knockouts hammer home the storylines of their weekly rope operas with pins, rolls, and body slams.

By Alanna Nash



Brooke Tessmacher

The TNA Knockouts—like their counterparts from the rival WWE, the Divas—add sizzle, spice, and sexiness to professional wrestling. The women, who formed their own Total Nonstop Action Wrestling division in 2007, provide Spike TV's *Impact Wrestling* with its highest-rated segments. Superstars to wrestling fans in more than 120 countries, the Knockouts prove weekly that they are athletes first, icons second. *Penthouse* caught up with Traci Brooks, Tara, and Brooke Tessmacher in Orlando, Florida, between tapings.

Why did you want to do this work?

Traci: I think all of us were fans growing up. I grew up in St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada. Five thousand people. We were pig farmers. I watched wrestling with my dad when I was in grade six. My parents were separated, so my dad just let me stay up late and watch *Saturday Night's Main Event* and some Saturday make-believe wrestling. I never went to a live show until I got into wrestling. But I always had the mind-set: "Women can do what men can do." We have to look sexy when we do it, but I always wanted to get in there and prove that I could help my man, or I could be a tough woman on my own. I can be sexy but powerful—and kind of dangerous. Elizabeth [Randy "Macho Man" Savage's valet/manager and wife] was a huge inspiration to me, but I never actually knew it until I got into the business. I've been with the company since April 2003, so basically I was the original Knockout.

Tara: I didn't want to be a wrestler when I was a child. I was a pre-med/biology major in college, and I was competing in fitness competitions. My friend Tori was a valet in WWF [now WWE], and I couldn't believe she was getting paid just to walk a guy out to the ring. And then I met Chyna, who was with WWF, and she said, "Are you a wrestler?" And I said, "No, but I think I could do that," because I had [done] gymnastics in the past. So I sent myself in. Only my husband knew anything about it. I told my parents, "I'll do this for two or three months, and then I'll go back to school." Here we are, 12 years later [laughs]. But they're my biggest fans now.



Tara and Brooke Tescmacher with the TNA Knockouts Tag Team Championship belts

"A lot of people have a dream of doing what we do, because it is awesome. You're creating your own image of being a superhero."

What does your family think?

Traci: My dad says, "My daughter's a wrassler!" He thinks it's hilarious, because my two brothers are amazing cooks, and they have kids, and I can't cook to save my life. My older brother is like, "You're half-naked, and your boobs are hangin' out, and people are staring at you." But they're very supportive. Every day I'm blessed that I get to wake up and do this.

Tara: Once you get into this business, there's no escape. You never leave.

Because?

Tara: It's an addiction.

Brooke: The high you get when you walk out... it's crazy. There's nothing like it. I've done pageants, and shot

a pilot for a reality show. But hearing the people chant or boo for you—either one, you know they're behind you, whether you're a good guy or a bad guy. And that feeling, with the [pyrotechnics] and the lights, is unbelievable. It sucks you in. A lot of people have a dream of doing what we do, because it is awesome. You're creating your own image of being a superhero, and you're that character.

Tara: Also, because you're an athlete, you get to demonstrate that you're a powerful, independent woman in a man's world. Because these strong, beautiful women can also kick your butt.

Traci, you're married to a wrestler.

Traci: Yes, I've been married to

Kazarian for two years. But I actually managed him in 2006 for a year, and that's how we hooked up.

You often play a tough character, but you're quite feminine and charming in real life.

Traci: Well, as for being a good girl, a baby face, that's really who I am. So it's me. It's Traci Brookshaw, not Traci Brooks. But when I play the bad-guy character, I get to be this crazy, insane, bitchy woman, and I love it! But as a baby face, it's hard. All these people look at me and I feel very vulnerable. As a person, I'm actually quite shy.

Brooke: I've never really gotten to be a bad guy.

Tara: Most of my career I've been the bad guy.

Because of your dark coloring?

Tara: It's almost sort of comic-book. The blondes are normally the good guys. And it's easier for me, because if a girl is cheering for me, I can go up to her and say, "Oh, is this your boyfriend? Did you know he thinks of me every single night?" Boom! She'll hate me for the rest of her life. [laughs]. And my mannerisms are very intense. I'm a bigger girl, too, so I come across as the bigger girl bullying the little girl.

Brooke: It was very, very hard for me to be taken seriously and earn respect at the beginning, because I came in as a model.

Tara: It's very high school. Cliques. Where you get your respect is what you do out in the ring. It's a bizarre life. If I had a daughter, I don't think I would let her be in this business. You can break your leg, you can break your neck, and you're done. You eat, breathe, and sleep out of a suitcase.

Traci: A lot of the girls in the Knockouts come from the independents, where you'd work for \$50. So we really appreciate being here, where we can shine, because we remember where we came from. And a lot of us still do independents. I worked in front of a crowd of five people the other day. But you have to be just as energetic and great in front of five people as you are in front of 50,000 people. It's hard that way, but I think all the girls definitely have that strength and independent trait in them. And stubbornness, I'd say.

Tara: You're alone a lot. People think that we're all traveling in a bus together. No, we have maybe a couple of friends on the road. We appreciate every moment of it, but it's not for



everybody. I think that's why you don't see that many females in this business. It's tough.

Brooke: [Pointing to Tara] We're lucky we have each other. I was at WWE for only two years, and I've been here for two years. Even though I started in '06, I'm very green, as far as what wrestling means as a genre, and also working in the ring. Every day, I'm like, "What? Huh?" But that's what's so awesome about having a legend like Tara as your partner. She's always going, "Brooke, you can't say that! Brooke, you can't do that!" It's like I have a protector.

Tara: I teach her all the underground rules. You keep your ears open and your mouth shut in this business.

So you two really are tight?

Brooke: Yeah, we get that a lot. But now they can see it. I've never met somebody in anything that I do, whether it's modeling or wrestling, that I'm so alike. She's a lot older.

Tara: I'm 40.

Brooke: I'm 27. But we are identical.

Traci, do you have close friends on



Traci Brookshaw and Brooke Tescmacher helping up Madison Rayne (above)

the team?

Traci: Oh, absolutely. ODB is one of my great friends. I love working with her. We wrestled up and down the independents forever and lived together in bunk beds. Gail Kim is my best friend, and she was my maid of honor. Any time with her is fun. She actually broke my breastbone. But we can be a little tight with each other and say, "I love you. I'm sorry about your black eye." And Christy Hemme is another one of my best friends. She broke her hand on my back, hitting me. I've wrestled with guys, too. I actually wrestled against my husband. It's fun, because you get to do a little more high-flying stuff with the guys because they're stronger, and they're better bases than a girl is. And there's just always so much more chemistry. Because you don't know what's going to happen with a girl and a guy. Jeff Jarrett hit me over the head one time with a guitar. Boy, the reaction he got! I was the bad girl, so the crowd was just like, "Yes! He did it to her!" They went crazy.

Did you know the guitar was coming?

Traci: Yes. It still hurt [laughs].

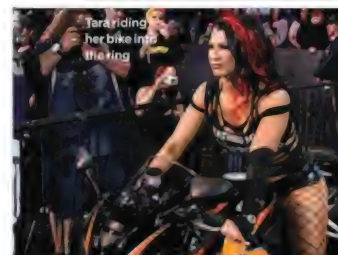
How do you keep from getting really hurt?

Traci: First of all, I figure my career is a lot longer than it should have been. I've been in it now since 2000. I've been really lucky that I've never been injured. I've had a couple of

concussions, but I've never been hurt. One of our girlfriends who worked with WWE got released and was working in Japan, and she had such a bad concussion she'll never be able to wrestle again. I always tell girls who come into the business, "Get trained properly, and say no if you don't feel comfortable doing something." You have to know your limits and how to protect yourself. You can put on a good match without killing each other. That's the art of it. It's dancing. It's making it look good for other people. Everyone knows now that wrestling's fake. It's out in the open. But it's still making a punch look good and look real.

The storylines are scripted, of course, and moves are choreographed, but you're on your own as far as making sure you fall the right way.

Traci: Absolutely. I always say it's like football. You know the plays, but it's up to you to learn how to run them. And the camera needs certain angles and certain facials. That's what I like about the business: the acting part of it, trying to get the anger, or the happiness, or the sadness in your face, and get that person at home to go, "Grrr" [growls angrily]. That's why my favorite angle was with Karen Jarrett. She berated me the whole time, and I just took it and took it, to where finally I snapped. And then the crowd was really behind me.



Tara riding her bike into the ring



Traci Brooks and Kazarian



Madison Rayne has some angry words with Tara

Brooke, did you always want to be a wrestler?

Brooke: Well, I had some family issues growing up. I'm originally from Moberly, Missouri. But I moved to Houston when I was seven or eight with my mother and twin sister. We lived in our car, a Daytona hatchback, for a long time. She'd work jobs to get us food and gas, and my sister and I would have to wait in the car for hours at a time. Mom would lay us down. My sister would always get the back, and I'd get the front, and we'd tell each other stories. She was my rock. I would not have been able to make it without her.

And then you became a model?

Brooke: Yeah. I started doing bikini stuff, and that sucked me in. Through that, I was Miss Hawaiian Tropic, Miss Swimsuit USA, Miss Hooters, and I was in a bunch of other pageants. My agent said, "You're way too ripped to keep modeling. You need to go to the fitness side, or gain some weight and get softer and be a model." I was kind of lost. I was just going to quit it altogether and go back to school. And then I got an audition for the Diva Search for WWE. I did really want to be a wrestler. I watched Sable, and I wanted to be the sexy, brunette bombshell. The one who came out there and strutted. A month later, I was on TV. It was unbelievable. It was so fast. That was in '06.

How do all of you keep yourselves in such fabulous shape?

Traci: A lot of people think we don't need to work out. Well, we have to, six or seven days a week. It's our job. If I don't work out now, I feel sick.

Brooke: I don't work out every day. But I just shot the Hooters Dream Girls competition in Aruba, so for a month before that, I was on it, running sprints, and in the gym every day for an hour and a half, doing abs, and dieting.

What do you eat?

Brooke: Right now, I'm eating a lot of anything. Normally, though, it's high-protein and low-carb. I found a new recipe for cottage-cheese quesadillas. It's healthy, with wheat or corn tortillas. Awesome! There are a lot of good recipes in the new fitness magazines.

Traci: I don't eat as well as I should. I ate a box of sour gummy bears the other day [laughs]. And I do eat bread. But if I crave something, I try to eat it right after my workout. When I'm at home,



Tara doing a backflip onto Madison Rayne

I'm very strict. My husband and I eat ground chicken and broccoli slaw or ground turkey and asparagus. Fruits and vegetables; mostly whole grains. I try to eat a lot of protein. We have a cheat day once a week. So we'll have a healthy breakfast, go to the gym, and then it's on—In-N-Out Burger, pizza, and cheese. Stinky cheese. Love it. My husband always says I love stinky stuff—onions, garlic, and cheese. Oh, my God, I love onions.

If I do eat carbs, I try to eat healthy carbs, or eat them earlier in the day. I'm not scared of carbs. I like curves. To me, curves are sexy on a woman.

And I think men agree. It's how you carry them.

Tara: I used to diet all the time, because I did fitness competitions. But now I'm not a big diet person. I'm too much of a foodie. I love sushi. I'm opening a restaurant. I've had two restaurants in the past. I kill myself at the gym if I overdo it. I have to do an extra 20 minutes if I eat a piece of cake.

What's a typical workout?

Traci: I change it up a lot. I like the old-school weights-and-cardio program. I'm not into the whole P90X [Power 90 Extreme] thing. I switch it up. Right now

I'm doing lower body one day, upper body one day, and I don't stop. I just keep going to keep my heart rate going. I have Erb's Palsy in my right arm. My mum is very tiny, and I was ten pounds when I was born. They yanked me out instead of giving her a C-section, and my arm actually won't straighten. All the ligaments and tendons in my right arm are stretched or detached, and I don't have a biceps

or a triceps. I have a uniceps. I can't do a lot of regular workouts. I can only do hammer curls for biceps, for example. A lot of times at the gym, a big guy will say, "Hey, you're workin' out wrong." When that first happened, I left crying. But now I know how to handle it. I just make a joke out of it. I'm like, "Shut up. I have a disability. Leave me alone." It's funny, because no one says they notice it in the ring. But even when I walk down the ramp, I'm very aware that my arm's not straight.

Tara: I think we're the most insecure people on the planet, because we're being judged 24/7, everywhere we go. That's why we're so self-conscious about our bodies. We have a facade of being confident, but we suffer the same problems as teenage girls.

Brooke: It's true! I'm thinking, *What can I do to keep my face like this? My hair like this?*

There does seem to be a lot of plastic surgery around here.

Brooke: Yes.

Was that self-determined, or from pressure to look a certain way?

Brooke: I've only had my breasts done. And that was because I had a big ol' butt and nothing in the front. I looked like I could fall backward. I needed to



Traci and Velvet Sky argue with Karen Jarrett (in red)

"You get to demonstrate that you're a powerful, independent woman in a man's world. Because these strong, beautiful women can also kick your butt."

balance my body when I started doing bikini stuff. And they're not overly done. I almost wish they were a little smaller, now that I'm older.

Tara: I felt pressured. God made me a two-by-four. I was very flat-chested. I grew up in California, and growing up in California is a lot about your looks. Right now, I look very busty. Half of my bra is padding, just to push 'em up. I didn't want to go as extreme, either. And I

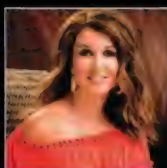
hope girls don't feel pressured now.

Traci, a lot of the wrestlers, especially the men, modeled themselves after superheroes and comic-book characters. Did you pattern yourself after anyone in pop culture?

Traci: No. Not even Wonder Woman. I wanted to be me, and hopefully one day some kid will use me as an example. That would be really cool. ☺

DIXIE DIVA

Dixie Carter—with her stylish red hair, polished manners, and feminine, off-the-shoulder clothing—may seem the unlikely person to head a sports-entertainment company.



Whom? In between signing an autograph for a grandma and watching an impossibly muscled man in gladiator tights slam a steel chair over the head of a slightly built opponent, the mid-forties Dixie Carter, president and CEO of TNA Wrestling, sits ringside on a Universal Studios sound stage and schools a visitor on just who's underneath the make-up and outrageous costumes in the ring. "Did you see the guy

without teeth in that last one, the Monster?" she asks, leaning close, referring to a beefy brawler named Abyss. "Master's degree. And the Pope? A real-life police officer." A beat. "I used to think wrestling was trashy, but I've never worked with nicer, more polite people. They bust their tails."

Carter's demeanor and appearance are equally surprising, given that she's in charge of a wrestling-entertainment company. Al Snow, agent of the

Knockouts, who's been in the wrestling business for 30 years, says that when he first saw her, "I was taken by surprise at how attractive she is. I guess I had this idea that she would be this stern, matronly woman, sort of like [the late owner of the Cincinnati Reds] Marge Schott. I was like, 'Whoa, she's kinda hot.'"

Snow quickly learned that Carter is as much brains as beauty. Since taking on TNA as a marketing, public-relations, and promotions client in the summer of 2002, when the Nashville-based businesswoman represented corporate clients and country singers, Carter has transformed a nearly-out-of-business upstart into a viable competitor to WWE. In 2010, TNA grossed \$45 million.

Carter learned about entrepreneurship at home, growing up in Dallas. Her father, Robert W. Carter, founded Panda Energy in 1982, but before he struck

oil, he had a string of unsuccessful businesses—selling firewood during the state's hottest winter on record, and marketing mesquite chips in the midst of a beef problem. His daughter went to private school on her grandparents' dime, but lived in fear of repo men and losing the family home. Nonetheless, Dixie knew the value of taking a chance, and so did Robert, who recognized that wrestling was big business: The Carter family's eventual investment in TNA carried it through hard times, as did Dixie's small staff's dedication to saving the company. "They were very, very passionate people, putting in whatever time they needed to get it done," she says.

But Carter had two obstacles when she became president a year and a half after first working with the group: Wrestling was a dirty word, and she was a woman in a man's world. All the same, she made it work for her, jumping in with both feet. She talked Fox TV into carrying the show (before Spike), renegotiated existing Pay-Per-View contracts for better terms, found deep-pocket sponsors, and established a huge presence overseas, where she says TNA is now more popular than WWE.

Today, she's not shy about sharing her plans, which include being swifter, smarter, and more creative. "We have one major competitor, and they're the behemoth in the business," she tells us. "So it is very much like Seabiscuit and War Admiral, or David and Goliath. We're not in this business to be second-best. It's our goal to be the No. 1 wrestling company in the world, and we're not going to stop until we accomplish it, but we'll do it with integrity. To me, that's very, very important because of the perception of this sport."

Carter's wrestlers say she imbues integrity in every-

thing she does, and that the mother of two (her husband, Serg Salinas, handles TNA's music publishing and oversees its merchandising) encourages a family atmosphere backstage. "I never got a text or an email from [WWE Chairman and CEO] Vince McMahon when I was there," remembers Brooke Tessmacher. "But Dixie was like, 'Happy Birthday! You're doing so great! That's unheard of!'"

"Dixie's so cool," says Jeff Hardy, known as the Charismatic Enigma, who has had issues with drugs in the past. "She's believed in me, and I know that's not easy. And I love that she's around here is Dixie Carter."

"She's awesome," echoes Traci Brooks. "It's like, oh, my God, a woman's in power, and she understands our needs. But she also understands that we need to be sexy and strong, but classy. And not portrayed as smut."

Adds Tara, "A lot of people think we're just muscle-heads out there. And Dixie doesn't want us to just be the boobs and butt of the company." Carter is well aware that both the men and women sell sex in the ring, but that what happens there each week boils down to a centuries-old battle between good and evil. Making sure her female wrestlers get their due is a big part of that, and Carter, whose own career victories have been hard-won, is more than a little protective of them: "We have a predominately male viewership. I think they think the women are sexy, but what takes them to another level is that they're legit. They're not just ring girls. They're not just shaking their booty for the sake of it. Like the guys, they're selling competition, and they're selling entertainment. They just do it in different packages." ☺



SCENT OF A WOMAN

New gift idea? How about VULVA Original, made in Germany by a company called Vivaeros. It's an attractively packaged small glass vial with a roll-on applicator that you apply discreetly to the back of your hand. After a short while, your hand will smell just like a vagina. A reasonably clean vagina, but a vagina nonetheless. Not the kind of thing you want on the hand you use to introduce yourself to potential employers, nor to stroke the hair of your beloved.

Which brings us to our first question: Why would you want your hand to smell like a vagina? Maybe to impress your friends? Make someone violently jealous? Maybe you've been deployed or incarcerated for so long that the smell of ersatz vagina on its own would be enough to bring you to earth-shattering orgasm?

Or maybe, like the guy in the promotional video on the VULVA Original website, you're just fond of sniffing women's bicycle seats.

The company suggests using the scent to fuel your fantasies, like a little scratch-and-sniff assistance for your alone time—or as they say on the website, men use it for “extreme stimulating pleasure enlargement.”

Our next question: What's in it? Here the company gets a little cagey, saying, “VULVA Original contains real organic substances. Please understand that we do not publish further information.” It's described as smelling like a vagina that's a couple of hours removed from its last shower. A little sweaty, a little tangy, maybe hints of musk, cherry, chocolate... oops, I'm confusing this with a wine tasting.

Our last question: Would we actually shell out \$33 for the tang alone? Hell, for the price of a few drinks at the right bar, you might be able to score the real thing. Though, a man never knows what he'll do when the chips are down. Picture yourself horny as hell, with no girls anywhere, and not even a bicycle seat to sniff. And miraculously, the requisite two weeks after ordering it, a package of VULVA Original arrives from Europe.

Of course I would try it, but I suspect I might regret the investment, as a little moisturizer and imagination can still go a long way. And I'd still be fucking my hand, dammit. —Amos Moses

ONAN THE BARBARIAN

Some athletes just don't get the credit they deserve. For instance, Masanobu Sato, one champion you won't find on your box of Wheaties. The Tokyo native has held the masturbation world record since 2009. At San Francisco's annual Masturbate-a-thon he managed to spank his monkey for a continuous 9 hours and 58 minutes, walking away with a coveted hand-shaped

trophy. “Because you do it by hand, it has this shape,” he explains.

So how does the Michael Phelps of masturbation do it? In an interview with the Dutch TV show *Metropolis*, Sato claims he starts his day with a two-hour training session because “you don't become world champion overnight.” While he trains, his girlfriend, who “has less interest in sex,” cooks,

watches TV, and sews. Occasionally, she plays Mickey to Masanobu's Rocky. Sato claims he starts his day using a handy iPhone app.

In terms of her boyfriend's constant jerking off, she says, “Well, he does it as a hobby for a long time,” adding, “I have my own hobbies. I sew dresses.”

Sato, who works for Japanese sex-toy manufacturer Tenga, takes his

hobby seriously, employing various gadgets and, of course, porn. He prefers compilation DVDs, since he feels that jacking to the same thing every day can get wearisome. His turns include “girl-next-door style” and anime. “A real female, of course, smells; is dirty,” he explained in one interview. “Of course, because it's a human being, it has lots of things. So we

have this anime; isn't it clean and pretty?”

Online in Japan, reactions to interviews with the world champ range from delight to disgust, with one commenter calling him “the shame of Japan.” But given most of us have been unconsciously training for the Masturbate-a-thon for much of our adult lives, we'd say Sato is a hero. —Reverend Jen

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF VULVA ORIGINAL; VIVAEROS (TOP RIGHT); GETTY IMAGES



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SEX KIND

Ever wondered what it might be like to have out-of-this-world sex? No, we don't mean just spicing things up on the weekend with your girlfriend. We mean *really* out of this world, like banging a hot chick from Mars, or nailing a lunar lap dancer. Well, very soon you will be able to do exactly that—kind of, anyway.

Dennis Hof, proprietor of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch of HBO's *Cathouse* fame, and a man always looking to fill a hole (so to speak), has just revealed the details of his latest sex-themed venture: the Alien Cathouse.

That's right: Sci-fi freaks, galactic geeks, those still languishing in Mom and Dad's basement—and anyone whose idea of a hot night is to stare longingly at their posters of *Star Trek's* Lieutenant Uhura and Special Agent Dana Scully of *The X-Files*—are about to have their wildest fantasies come true.

Situated only a G-string's throw from the Nevada National Security Site, where the UFO

faithful assure us, the government is hiding the alien remains scooped up from Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947, the brothel is set to cater to one and all obsessed by things flying and saucer-shaped.

It's not yet clear if the working girls will have their tits spray painted a nice shade of extraterrestrial green, or if there will be theme nights of a Princess Leia Gone Wild variety. But, whatever is on the cosmic cards, the Hof promises a fine time for one and all.

And it looks like he's going to deliver on that promise: Hollywood Madam Heidi Fleiss is set to be the brains behind both the decor and the clothing, there will be plenty of Martian merchandise for sale at the adjacent Area 51 Alien Travel Center, and there will even be E.T.-themed food to replenish anyone sucked dry by alien vixens from faraway galaxies.

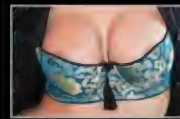
But, please, when you get there: No jokes about Uranus.—Nick Redfern

BREAST BUY

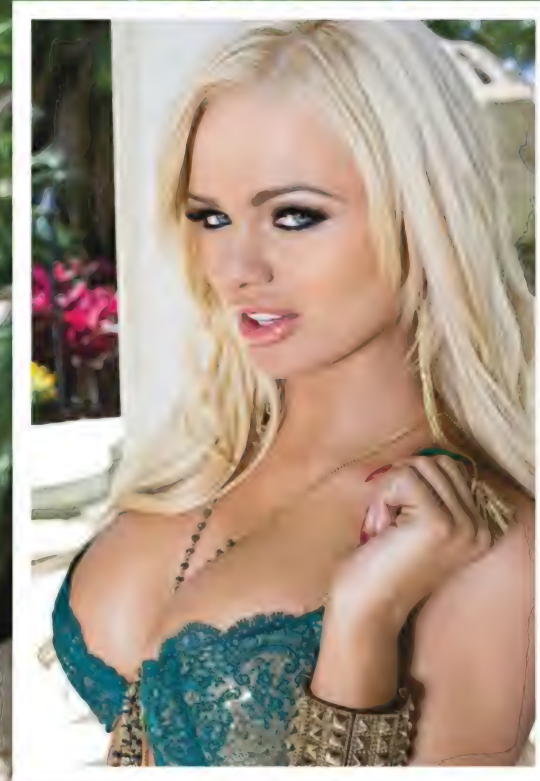
This is our kind of news story: A Florida woman's breast implant may have saved her life when she was stabbed. The 41-year-old victim (who has asked to remain anonymous) says her ex-fiance's new girlfriend, Amy Winter, attacked her car, scratching it, then turned the knife on her, stabbing her repeatedly in the left side of the chest. Unbeknownst to Winter, she was dealing with a latter-day Bionic Woman, as the victim's left breast implant stopped the knife from piercing the chest wall. Doctors say the walls of the implant and the salt water in it prevented a deadly blow. Had it not been for her faux fun bags, the victim could have suffered a collapsed lung, or the knife could have hit her heart.

“It happened so fast,” the victim said. “I looked down and I was covered in blood.” She quickly realized it wasn't so much blood, but saline. Referencing the \$6,000 she spent on her breast-augmentation surgery, she says, “It was the best investment I ever made, obviously!”

The victim's plastic surgeon, Frank Filiberto at Artful Awakenings, says that in his 30 years of cosmetic surgery, this is a first. “I mean, think about it: If she hadn't gotten the surgery three months ago, she'd be dead.” The doctor concludes, “If something is gonna save lives, as this saves lives, there's nothing wrong with passing legislation that everyone should have a breast prosthesis.” We smell a new health-care reform bill! —Reverend Jen



the [pet of the month]



blonde ambition

Back in May 2011, we introduced you to a hot young adult star named Alexis Ford—and, not surprisingly, we immediately got requests to feature her again. Now everyone can enjoy her first *Penthouse* centerfold, though no one more than Alexis herself. "Modeling for *Penthouse* was a goal I set back before I got into the porn industry," she says. "Repeating that by being named a Pet is a dream come true!"

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



"I once made love on the side of a highway, on top of a car—not that big a deal, except there were a lot of people watching from a nightclub. They were bent over the bar so they could see us."





"I would love to have an orgy with, like,
six extremely hot girls and one guy,
maybe two, getting all sweaty on a beach.
It would be so wet and warm!"





"The sexiest quality a man can possess
is being spontaneous and open-minded.
Especially in my business, to find a
man who is not judgmental is supersexy."



✿ ALEXIS FORD
JUNE 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"It turns me on when a man takes care of himself, and if he's confident and can laugh at himself. And it really turns me off if a guy does not perform oral sex."



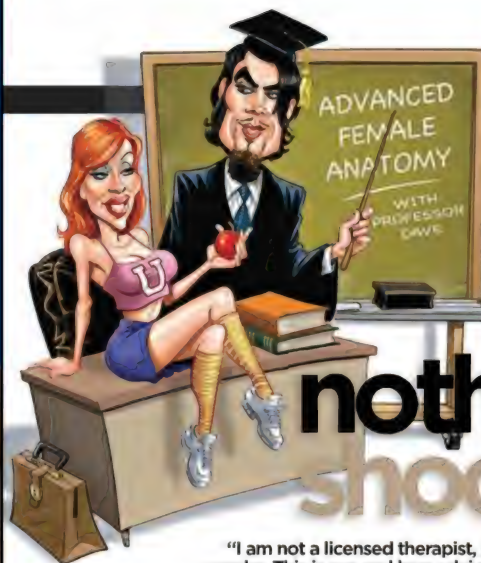
아lexis ford
JUNE 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP



아lexis ford
JUNE 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

[hottips] 



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **How do I hide the fact that I am a squirter when I'm with a new lover?**
Why would you hide that fact? It is unnatural and unfair to be forced to deny who you are sexually. If your partner has a problem with it, trust me: There are plenty of men out there who don't. Hiding something as monumental as this will only lead to dissatisfaction and resentment in the bedroom. I suggest you just stay prepared with a stack of towels and have at it. If your partner takes issue with your squirting, he is simply not the one for you. Think of it in these terms: You don't have a problem with his ejaculation, so why should he have a problem with yours?

■ **What's the best way to play off embarrassing premature ejaculation with your lover?**
I don't know that there is a good way to "play it off." Sex followed by an apology is never really all that heated and impassioned, is it? But this is a common problem for many men, so know that you are not alone. I would suggest that you make every effort

to explain to your partner that she is simply so hot that you couldn't help yourself. Keep it light and make her feel beautiful and let her know that you find her to be the sexiest woman in the world. Then, head down south! Just because you finish doesn't mean that the experience is finished. Do what you can to satisfy her. Oral? Fingers? Toys? Be open to taking care of her needs. Get her off, and I am sure this little hiccup will quickly be forgotten. In the meantime, search out exercises that will help you with the problem. There are ways you can work on this to see that it doesn't happen again.


■ **If you find someone who you have the most unbelievable sexual chemistry with and find out she is a "freak like me," do you think you can really keep that passion alive?**
Tough one. Here is where my personal "disqualifier" comes in handy, as I have personally never succeeded at keeping passion alive, although I hear it can be done. Just be prepared for not every experience to be freaky.

There are going to be peaks and valleys in every bedroom, and trying to maintain an accelerated level of passion is unlikely ... especially if you're into the freaky stuff. There will be times when the sex will be vanilla and average, but your willingness to experiment will keep things fresh. This reminds me of the old joke: Put a penny in a jar every time you have sex during your first year of marriage. During the second year of marriage, take one out. After two years, you will have a jar full of pennies.

■ **What do you do when you're in a relationship, but feel you're more a friend to that person than you are his/her other half? I don't feel as if we're lovers anymore, but we're married and have a two-year-old together. A month ago I asked him for a divorce, but a week later we had sort of an intervention from a family member and things got better for two or three weeks. Then the emptiness started kicking in again.**

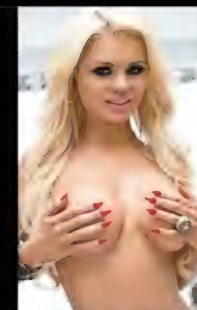
Understand that my voice on this matter is entirely what I would do and is not a suggestion. I do not know the inner dynamics of your relationship, sex life, and joint-parenting disciplines, and I cannot advise you specifically. For me, however, when I have found past relationships evolving into friendships, I got out. If the friendship is strong enough, it can last, yet sometimes it doesn't. I am a firm believer in this. Sounds to me like you need some serious one-on-one counseling before making a decision. Ultimately, I would rather chase the fire than endure the cold.

■ **Do you believe in having a soul mate? I think I do and have no rational basis for thinking so, but should I keep the faith? I feel childish for wanting to believe, and I'm usually pretty practical/cynical, so I don't readily admit to wondering about it.**

I think I do. For all I know I may have already been with her. I'm not one of those people who thinks something has to last forever and ever to be successful. I would suggest you continue looking, but don't look so hard that you miss out on amazing people in the meantime. People can grow to be soul mates, too. It's nice to keep the dream alive and remain open to it, as long as you remember to live your life along the way. 

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

01 ALEXIS FORD
JUNE 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
22 years old
36C-25-34; 5'5"

Hometown:
Queens, New York

Favorite thing about your hometown:
It has a lot of places to eat with food from different cultures, and it only takes 15 minutes on the subway to get to Manhattan.

Favorite vacation spot:
Anywhere warm and beautiful. I love Hawaii because the beaches are so white that it feels like you're in paradise.

Dream vacation spot:
Fiji, because they have hotels in the middle of the ocean, and Tokyo, because they're up on new technology and it looks like a really neat place to go.

Favorite food:
Anything Italian.

Favorite drink:
Nonalcoholic: vanilla chai tea; alcoholic: Red Bull and vodka.

Favorite kind of music:
Alt rock and pop, some hip-hop.

Favorite TV show:
Dexter.

Favorite movies:
Catch Me If You Can, Up.

If I won a million dollars, I'd:
Buy a gorgeous condo and a Ferrari.

What's your favorite fantasy?
Men in uniforms.

What gets you excited?
A call from my best friend, flying home to New York after weeks of being on the road, vacations, and going out to dinner and parties with close friends.

What gets you in trouble?
Drinking tequila.

SEE MORE OF ALEXIS AT PENTHOUSE.COM

THE BEST OF THE WACKY AND WEIRD

The sandwich board outside Joe's Bar in New York City reads **WORLD RECORD APPRECIATION SOCIETY**. Inside, records are being set and hearts are being broken, but there's not a sport in sight.

By Harmon Leon



ALWAYS ATTEMPT RECORD WITH A FULL WALLET, AS BUYING REPLACEMENT DRINKS MAY BE REQUIRED.



From left: Super Trekkie Mack Elder, giraffe-tattooed Daniel Fowler, fish sandwich record holder Todd Lamb, longest "Shh" champ Jovah Siegel.

We love world records, probably more than anyone you've ever met," says the lanky Dan Rollman, who's standing next to his much shorter partner, Corey Henderson. In their matching yellow *Wide World of Sports*-style blazers, they resemble a classic mismatched comedy duo. "Our belief is that everyone can be the world's best at something. What we assembled here tonight are about a dozen people who are going to blow your minds with brand-new, extraordinary records."

Onstage, a man wearing a Trekkie outfit is ready to make global history. Mack Elder is attempting to break the world record for Fastest Time to Name Every Episode of *Star Trek* in Broadcast Order.

"Should we see this man kick some ass?" Rollman asks the crowd. A huge, encouraging scream erupts from the enthusiastic audience, which is pumped to witness a cross between a sporting event and an eccentric talent show.

With stopwatch in hand, Henderson counts him down: "Three ... two ... one ... go!"

The Trekkie comes out of the gates fast: "The Man Trap," "Charlie X," "Where No Man Has Gone Before," "The Naked Time," "The Enemy Within" ... He stumbles when he's dangerously close to the end, and then the crowd goes wild as he rattles off the final episode ("Turnabout Intruder"), No. 79. Elder is now the world champion. Smiling ear to ear, he raises his arm in victory as he's presented with his Official World Record Holder patch.

Everyone has his or her own quirky talent. RecordSetter.com is providing a place to immortalize such triumphs as Largest Toothpick Beard, Fastest Time to Vacuum One Pound of Sugar, Longest "Shh," and Most Graphic Designers Dancing to "Thriller."

"Why let the folks at Guinness [*Book of World Records*] decide what is world-record worthy?" reasons Rollman. While that iconic book boasts such colossal entries as the World's Tallest Man (Robert Wadlow), [RecordSetter](http://RecordSetter.com) brings record-breaking back where it belongs: to the people! The website is an open platform that allows folks to submit their own records and get involved in discussing everyone's triumphs. In the digital age, these accolades are easily captured via webcams, smartphones, and videocameras; since launching in 2008, [RecordSetter](http://RecordSetter.com) has collected more than 10,000 records by people in 60 different countries. Records must be both quantifiable and breakable, and the online community votes to decide if a submission is worthy.

"We're really just trying to lower the bar for setting world records," Rollman says. "We're changing world records from something you read about to something you set yourself."

What began as a hobby for the yellow-jacketed maestros has become a full-time obsession. Its genesis was at the 2004 Burning Man—the annual freaky art festival held in the Black Rock Desert. Rollman and his crew set up a camp specifically for breaking records, and Burners concocted such supercreative entries as Most Blueberries Fit Into a Belly Button and Most Backflips While on Stilts. The experience created a blueprint for what was to follow: a truly democratic place to set world records. Rollman and Henderson rolled out RecordSetter.com with 50 videos from Burning Man.

Rollman's world-record aspirations started at a very young age. "I just loved the idea of being a world champion," he says. In college, he attempted ravioli speed-eating to show off for a girl. ("She wasn't impressed, and I realized I was a very slow eater.") Rollman has now held 12 world records, including Most Bananas Fit Inside a Pair of Pants While Wearing Them, and Most Cigarettes Ripped in Half. All of Rollman's records have been beaten; not surprisingly, when you're the head honcho of a record-breaking website,





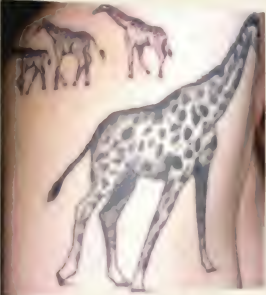
Above: George Gaspar's Largest Toothpick Beard. Below: Daniel Fowler's giraffe tattoos.

people want to take you down. "It's almost like somebody covering your song," he comments.

Rollman had doubts the site would gain traction, but he still ditched his job in advertising. All those doubts disappeared with the first record submission: Most Giraffe Tattoos on a Shoulder. Daniel Fowler of Perth, Australia, was crowned world champion with a total of one giraffe—only to find his record quickly crushed by a guy in San Diego who adorned himself with three giraffe shoulder tattoos. Two months later, Rollman came into the office and his colleagues said, "You won't believe what happened!" Dan Fowler had reclaimed his title by getting three more giraffe tattoos.

"That was the moment when I knew we were building something powerful, engaging, and interactive," Rollman recalls. "I was also scared shitless that this guy had gone and gotten these giraffe tattoos."

RecordSetter's operation, which now includes a staff of ten people, has evolved into producing live events, branded advertising campaigns (Fastest Time to Open a Bag of Skittles and Sort Them by Color), a TV show that's in the works, and a RecordSetter book (see sidebar).



“We’re really just trying to lower the bar for setting world records. We’re changing world records from something you read about to something you set yourself.”

Rollman and Henderson are also regular guests on *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, overseeing celebrity world records set by Cameron Diaz (Most Bunnies Snuggled With in a Hammock), Drew Barrymore (Most People Hit in Face With Pies While Wearing Roller Skates), Questlove (Most Afro Picks in an Afro), and even Justin Bieber (Most Tweets Sent During a Live Interview).

"It's been a life adventure to reach this point," Rollman says. "We've inspired legions of people who wanted to set world records but never thought it was possible to achieve their dream."

Todd Lamb has achieved his dream; he's the first to break the record for Most Images of Fish Sandwiches Looked at in One Minute. "It's meaningless, this record, except I like fish," Lamb philosophizes. "So it's the best record for me. If there's something you're into, you can take that love of it and make it into a world record."

Onstage, the images fly as Lamb rattles off, "Fish, fish, fish..." Hecklers shout out, "You'll never do it!"

"I usually work with an assistant," Lamb says, explaining the process. "He is quick-fingered and he holds the images of fish sandwiches and I stand across from him and he flips them down, down, down, and I view each sandwich."

The record for Most Images of Fish Sandwiches Looked at in One Minute has legions of rabid fans, and has been broken five times as of press time (it could be higher by the time you read this). "We can't predict which records will capture the imagination and which ones people will decide to challenge," states Henderson, who is RecordSetter's tech ninja.

Some members have set thousands of individual records. Australians competed against Canadians for World's Longest High Five, only to see both records smashed by two guys in Illinois. Brian

Pankey, who lives in an isolated, small Midwestern town, has racked up way more than 1,000. At press time, he holds 1,699 records. In fact, Darryl Learie set a record for Most Brian Pankey Records Named in a Minute.

"There's not that many trophies on my mantel," says Jake Bronstein, original holder of the world record for Most Strangers' Drinks Sipped in a Bar in 15 Minutes. "Then I met these guys and the ribbons started stacking up. How fun is that?"

But this isn't the Special Olympics; it's not all about giving everyone a self-esteem hug. "We don't want to be just a feel-good thing," says Rollman. "We don't want just ironic records or stupid records. The competitive element is what we get really excited about."

People who didn't fit into the Guinness box—skeet-ball players and push-up champions—have found a home at RecordSetter.

My time has come to set a world record. Everyone has dreams of being great, of being the global best at a particular feat. Why can't I be a world champion? So many world records, so little time—how to decide? What's my hidden talent? Utilizing the RecordSetter philosophy, I dig deep into my imagination and try to think of something I excel at to share with the world. After a few minutes of introspection, there's only one option: Most Eyebrow Raises While Listening to a Recording of Jeff Daniels Reading the Gettysburg Address.

Since I was a little kid, I've possessed an uncanny knack for being able to raise my eyebrows often and quickly. It made me a hit at summer camp. Though it's been many years, it's time to bring back that hidden talent and become the world champion. I'm not sure if anyone's ever attempted this record, but if they have—it's time to make it my own.

"Four score and seven years ago..." Looking directly into my webcam,



I come on too fast; I must pace myself. This feat is not as easy as it seems. The Gettysburg Address rendition I have is 2:39 minutes. (Actor Jeff Daniels is a pro and doesn't speed up his diction.) Around the 1:17 mark, I fear I might blow out an eyebrow. At 1:59, it's possible I could suffer a brain aneurysm.

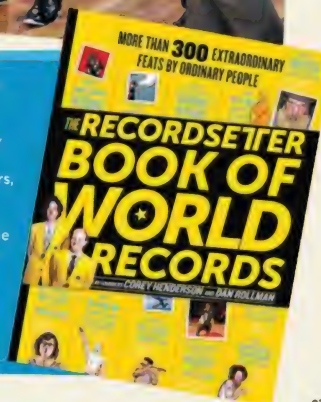
"From these honored dead, we take great devotion to that cause...." My face is twitching as if this is a permanent nervous tic. Daniels' soothing voice helps me work through it. This horse smells the barn. I pick up the eyebrow-raising tempo at "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." I smell victory. My record stands at a stunning 189 eyebrow raises. "Try breaking that record," I blurt into the webcam with pure cockiness. A nod is given to the true world-record greats who came before me: your Mack Elders, your Daniel Fowlers, your Todd Lambs.

To my amazement, my eyebrow-raising world record stood for a mere week before being broken by a guy in Ohio with an impressive 215 raises. Needless to say, I came back with a vengeance to reclaim the record, where it currently stands (again, as of press time), at 217 eyebrow lifts. (There was some controversy about whether or not the assistance of hands should be allowed.) Next up for me: breaking the McGuire brothers' record for fastest twins on motorbikes. That's a true global phenomenon, proving once again that the bar of human achievement has been proudly raised. ☺



Above left: Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson's record-setting Afro picks. Above right: Cameron Diaz set the record for Most Bunnies Snuggled With in a Hammock (her record's been broken). Right: Drew Barrymore's successful attempt at Most People Hit in Face With Pies in 30 Seconds While on Roller Skates.

Check out these and other world records in *The RecordSetter Book of World Records: More Than 300 Extraordinary Feats by Ordinary People*, published by Workman Publishing. The authors, RecordSetter founders Corey Henderson and Dan Rollman, detail records, tips for beating the current holders, related records, and records begging to be set. For instance, the *Lost*-themed Largest Collection of Lottery Tickets With the Numbers 4, 8, 15, 16, 23, and 42. ☺





(This page)
Coney Island's
Mermaid Parade



Girls of Summer

Summertime's the right time for checking out scantily clad babes, whether you're chilling at the beach, partying at an outdoor concert, or cheering on athletes at a marathon.

By Joe Diamond



FUN IN THE SUN

VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

It's not for nothing that Venice routinely shows up on lists of the world's sexiest beaches. In this legendary Southern California town, you can lift weights at Muscle Beach, swim in the Pacific, try the snake run at one of the world's only beachfront skate parks, or just admire the endless stream of hotties on Ocean Front Walk. From surfing to skating to shooting hoops, you can do just about any outdoor summer activity. Or you can hook up for some indoor fun. "For great food and girl-watching," says entertainment publicist and transplanted Los Angeleno Chris Hulbert, "try James' Beach Restaurant [[JamesBeach.com](#)] and Nikki's [[NikkiVenice.com](#)]." You can also check out the heavenly bodies at Hotel Erwin's High Rooftop Lounge—literally. "They see UFOs constantly from the roof," says Hulbert.

GALVESTON, TEXAS

This bustling beach town and title subject of one of country music's most famous songs is an hour's drive from Houston. Galveston has miles of beautiful coastline, including Texas's biggest beach, East Beach. Unlike at most beaches, drinking is legal. Each summer, a young, hip crowd flocks there for the American Institute of Architects' Sandcastle Competition [[AIA Sandcastle.com](#)]. This year's event is June 2. Galveston ends the summer season on Labor Day weekend with the BrewMaster's Craft Beer Festival, the largest craft-beer celebration in Texas [[BrewMastersBeerFest.com](#)]. Galveston also offers such water sports as sailing, surfing, and fishing.

Of course, there's plenty to do at night. Island Famous on Seawall Boulevard has five venues in one,

including the Spot Tiki Bar, Drip Patio Bar & Lounge, and Rum Shack, the island's "only beachfront, rooftop palapa bar" [[IslandFamous.com](#)]. For a darker, sexier feel, try Voodoo Lounge—the club even has an official kissing lounge—near the Strand, on the site of what was once Galveston's largest and most successful whorehouse [[VoodooLoungeGalveston.com](#)].

LAKE MICHIGAN, CHICAGO

Bronzed beauties playing volleyball on the beach might not be the first image that springs to mind when someone mentions Chicago, but the city's wintry reputation can be as misleading as it is deserved. Chi-Town has a vibrant warm-weather scene, especially on the shores of Lake Michigan. The mercury soars into the 90s in summer, sending thousands to the beaches. North Avenue Beach, with its dozens of volleyball courts, resembles a Midwestern Miami. Early August (see [Lollapalooza entry](#)) is a great time to meet girls from out of town. And then there's the Chicago Air and Water Show on August 18 and 19, the largest free show of its kind in the United States, with North Avenue Beach as its focal point.

The ultimate socializing spot on Lake Michigan might be Castaways ([CastawaysChicago.com](#)). As one patron put it, "There's just nothing better than drinking beer and eating bar food while overlooking the lake. All while in your swimsuit, of course."

VIRGINIA BEACH

According to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, it's the longest pleasure beach in the world. Most of the action centers around the three-mile boardwalk area, the Oceanfront. The Coastal Edge East Coast Surfing Championships [[SurfECSC.com](#)], North America's oldest surf contest, celebrates its 50th anniversary August 20 to 26 at the Oceanfront. It's about more than surfing, though. The event has the feel of a beach sports festival, with competitions in activities including volleyball, skateboarding, and—a crowd favorite—the swimsuit contest.

Virginia Beach has a thriving nightlife scene. One of the more popular spots is Peabody's (Peabody's VirginiaBeach.com), about a block from the beach. Among its selling points, Peabody's has "a lot of attractive girls dressed good old-fashioned nightclub skanky," says a tourist from California on Yelp.

CONEY ISLAND'S MERMAID PARADE

Brooklyn's Coney Island ([ConeyIsland.com](#)) continues its resurgence as a summer-fun destination, thanks in part to its annual Mermaid Parade, which takes place this year on June 23. It's a wacky, tacky seaside celebration with plenty of women wearing nothing on top but body paint. Attend as a spectator, or sign up online to participate. This year marks the 30th anniversary, so get ready for some extra-special high jinks.





Summer Teva Mountain Games

SPORTING EVENTS

SUMMER TEVA MOUNTAIN GAMES

Forget about skiing. Vail, Colorado, hosts the country's largest celebration of adventure sports, art, and music from May 31 to June 3 (TevaMountainGames.com). Pro and amateur athletes converge on the town to vie for more than \$100,000 in prize money. Sports include kayaking, rafting, biking, and rock climbing. Reggae rockers the Dirty Heads and Australian musician Xavier Rudd are this year's concert headliners. Other attractions include outdoor film screenings and some of the most photogenic vistas west of the Mississippi. Online registration closes 24 hours before each event. Entry is free for spectators.

IRONMAN

Originally a challenge among a group of Navy SEALs, the celebrated triathlon has grown to become one of the most recognized endurance events in the world (Ironman.com). The Ironman consists of a 2.4-mile swim, a 112-mile bike ride, and a 26.2-mile run. (A newer contest, Ironman 70.3, cuts those distances in half.) Athletes compete in 28 events around the world to qualify for the Ironman World Championship in Hawaii. A number of qualifying events are held in summer, including Lake Placid, New York, on July 22; New York City on August 11; and Louisville,

Kentucky, on August 26. Thousands of spectators show up to cheer on the athletes, and it's a great opportunity to bond with other enthusiasts. It's a long day, so bring a cooler packed with refreshments that you can hand out as ice-breakers.

REEBOK CROSSFIT GAMES

The purpose of the CrossFit Games, notes its website, is to find the "Fittest on Earth" (Games.CrossFit.com). Luckily for spectators, that includes some of the fittest females on the planet. After all, summer is all about girls showing off their physiques. At the Games, they not only show them off, they subject them to grueling physical challenges. Women compete against one another and as part of mixed-gender teams. To maximize the difficulty, the workouts change every year, and participants aren't told what they'll be doing till just before the competition.

The Games will run from July 13 to July 15 at the Home Depot Center in Carson, California, about 13 miles south of downtown Los Angeles. Tickets are \$50 (the best \$50 in sports, notes ESPN), and are available through the website.

24 HOURS OF LEMONS

It doesn't get any sillier than this irreverent "breeding ground for morons," where drivers compete in cheap jalopies in endurance races



Reebok CrossFit Games

(24HoursOfLeMons.com). The event's name is a playful poke at the esteemed French race, with LeMons referring to crappy-ass cars. Entrants are limited to using cars that were purchased and track-prepped for less than \$500.

The cars are eyesores, but there's plenty of eye candy in the stands. The races are known for their chick-friendly zaniness. Cash prizes are paid out in nickels. Races are held throughout the year at various locales; visit the website for info. Tickets are \$20 a day, \$30 for the weekend.



Reebok CrossFit Games



Governor's Ball Music Festival (and at right)



MUSIC FESTIVALS

OUTSIDELANDS

This is the world's only gourmet food and music festival (SEOutsideLands.com). Says festival publicist Ken Weinstein, "We have all of Sonoma and Napa in one tent, and all of the best five-star restaurants and hidden treasures in the Bay Area bring their kitchens to the festival. It's incredible."

The festival takes place from August 10 to 12 in Golden Gate Park. (During the Gold Rush, Golden Gate Park was marked on maps as "Outside Lands," being located at the time well beyond the reach of the city's masses.) Headlining this year are Neil Young and Crazy Horse, Stevie Wonder, Metallica, Jack White, and Skrillex.

FORECASTLE

Outside magazine named this one of the "top 15 outdoor festivals in the country." The event (ForecastleFest.com), which runs July 13 to 15 in Waterfront Park in Louisville, Kentucky, is expected to draw 30,000 patrons. Hometown superstars My Morning Jacket are headlining, and will "curate" the look and the music (whatever that means). Other acts include Sleigh Bells, Girl Talk, and Wilco.

Emphasizing activism as much as art and music, Forecastle calls itself "a celebration of sights, sounds, and sustainability... [that merges] entertainment with education." As Forecastle Media Manager Holly Weyler explains, the organizers are passionately dedicated to their goal of reducing humankind's carbon imprint. To that end, "local alternative-energy companies will be on-site to do product demonstrations and explain how alternative-energy sources work." If that sounds a bit dry, think of all the cute environmental activists, not to mention lovely Southern belles, who will attend.

GOVERNOR'S BALL MUSIC FESTIVAL

New York has always been a giant



Invidia May at Lollapalooza in 2011

in the concert scene. For the latest proof, look no further than here (GovernorsBallMusicFestival.com). It takes place June 23 and 24 at Randall's Island Park, a green oasis on the East River nestled among East Harlem, the South Bronx, and Astoria, Queens.

In its second year, the festival will build on its initial mix of dance, hip-hop, and electronica (performers last year included Girl Talk, Pretty Lights, Big Boi, and Neon Indian), and embrace indie rock, Americana, and pop acts. The 2012 lineup reflects this evolution, with Beck, Fiona Apple, Passion Pit, and Modest Mouse slated to thrill the expected crowd of more than 20,000 attendees. By increasing the music selection, as well as expanding from one to two days, organizers hope to establish the festival as one of the premier gatherings for music fans, not only in New York City, but the entire Northeast. Tickets, available through the website, range from \$105 for a

general-admission one-day pass to \$320 for a two-day VIP package.

LOLLAPALOOZA

Lollapalooza has gone "from a dirty, grungy traveling festival to a three-day, stand-alone pop-tastic extravaganza," according to its website (Lollapalooza.com). This creation of Jane's Addiction frontman Perry Farrell celebrated its 20th anniversary in 2011, with headliners Eminem, Foo Fighters, Coldplay, and Muse.

This year's extravaganza will take place from August 3 to 5 along Chicago's lakefront Grant Park. You can count on a healthy number of vivacious Midwestern cheerleader-types to show up, which is why you should, too. At press time, this year's lineup includes the Black Keys, Black Sabbath, Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Jack White.

Don't forget to drop by the park's outdoor lounge, appropriately named Uncorked, where you can watch the festival on large video screens while you sip vino with your new cheerleader friends.

SUMMERFEST

Milwaukee's signature summertime celebration attracts more than 700 pop, rock, and country acts, including established superstars, emerging talent, and local favorites (Summerfest.com). It draws about a million people each year and bills itself as "the World's Largest Music Festival," a boast that's borne out by *Guinness World Records*. Big Time Rush, Iron Maiden, and Zac Brown Band are among the headliners set to play this year, and illustrate just how wide-ranging the acts are.

The main performances occur at the 23,000-capacity Marcus Amphitheater, an outdoor venue with spectacular views of Lake Michigan and the Milwaukee skyline. Summerfest takes place from June 27 to July 1, and July 3 to July 8.

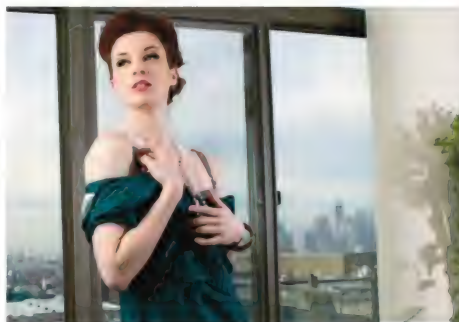
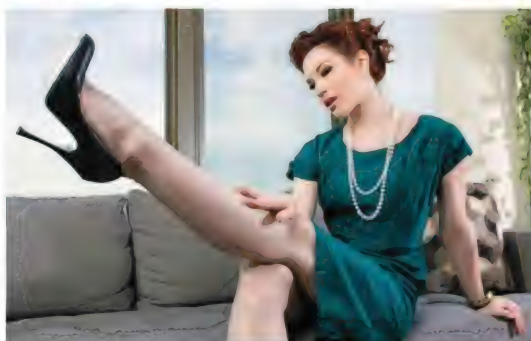
This year's Lollapalooza takes place along Chicago's lakefront Grant Park. You can count on a healthy number of vivacious Midwestern cheerleader-types to show up.



men are mad about stoya

It's easy to see why men are enamored with 25-year-old Stoya. Her classic good looks and svelte yet gently curvy 33-24-33 figure have gained her a following among erotic-photography fans, who are sure to go wild when they catch a glimpse of the gorgeous retro styling, lingerie, and imagery on these pages.

Photographs by Steve Prue






"Penthouse consistently publishes photos of the most beautiful women in the naked-lady business, in amazingly well-produced glamour spreads. When asked to pose, how could there be any decision to make besides what fancy lingerie to remove?"

"I don't play sports. The only balls I want to see are in my films. I did take up aerial acrobatics a couple of years ago. That's as much of a workout as tennis or basketball."





"The only way I would ever have sex with a stranger is in a circumstance where condoms are readily available."

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing on a grey couch. She is wearing a strapless, light-colored top and a dark, patterned skirt. She is also wearing black high-heeled shoes. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are spread apart, and she is holding one of her legs up with her right hand. The background is a bright, cloudy sky.

"I wouldn't mind getting caught masturbating by a pizza-delivery guy. I've seen so many cheesy pizza-guy porn scenes that I have to wonder if a real one would go for it."

SEE MORE OF STOYA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

■ BUZZ OFF

I've heard that a guy can make himself come by using a vibrator on his penis. I borrowed my wife's vibrator to test it out, and it didn't work for me. Maybe I wasn't doing it right. Do you have any tips?

I suspect it was the vibrator you were using that didn't work, and not how you used it. Most women's vibrators are designed mainly for focused stimulation of the clitoris. Because many women have exquisitely sensitive clits, most devices produce fairly low-intensity vibration.

The head of a penis typically is much larger and not as sensitive as a clitoris. That means guys may need to use a more powerful vibrator capable of stimulating a bigger area. An all-around good choice for men: the Hitachi Magic Wand.

A vibrator can make a man ejaculate spontaneously if the amplitude is high enough. In fact, doctors use a special kind of high-amplitude vibrator to collect semen samples from men who have no feeling below the waist due to spinal-cord injuries. These medical-grade vibrators deliver 2.5 millimeters of amplitude to the penis.

The amplitude of the Hitachi Magic Wand is about 1.6 millimeters. That might not be quite enough to give you an involuntary orgasm, but it's plenty.

Try this: Press the head of the wand against the underside of your penis, near the head. Find the spot that feels best and keep it there while holding your penis in place with your free hand. If you want to use the free hand for other things, lie back and hold the wand so that you're pressing your penis against your belly. You don't have to stroke it at all. The stimulation will build until eventually, almost magically, you'll just go off. It's pretty cool. Give it a try.

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



■ THIRD CHANCE

We are a married couple. She is 50 and very hot. I am 55. We have a very happy and committed relationship. I would like to engage in a threesome with another guy. I would love for the other guy and me to massage and satisfy her. I am looking to get a younger, 25- to 35-year-old stud to join us. I don't trust Craigslist, and don't know how to go about finding a willing participant. We are looking for a no-strings-attached arrangement. Any ideas or suggestions on where and how to find a compatible third?

You bet. Lots of couples like you are looking for the same thing. And it's really common for people in your situation to have no idea where to start.

Looking for a third to make your threesome is not all that different from dating. But I understand how, after you've been married for a number of years, it's easy to forget how to go about meeting new sex partners. Just remember that single people are out there doing it all the time, and that neither being married nor being fiftysomething is any kind of impediment.

I was talking recently with sex-ed superstar Tristan Taormino, and it occurred to me that she literally wrote the book, *Opening Up*, on modern nonmonogamous relationships. I told her about your question, and the first thing she said was, "Oh, my God. Please avoid Craigslist."

Your instinct is right. There are plenty of earnest people using Craigslist, but plenty of creeps, scammers, and spammers, too. Looking online is convenient, though, and it can work. A reputable adult dating site, like AdultFriendFinder.com, offers many ways to control what you share and with whom, and how you want to communicate. Also, a person who goes to the trouble of paying for a subscription and setting up a profile is much more likely to be who he says he is than an anonymous poster on a free bulletin board.

That's not the only way to use the web to help you connect with a potential third. Search for nonmonogamy, polyamory, or swingers' groups in your area. These probably will be easier to find if you live in a big metropolitan area than if you're rural. Groups of this sort aren't all about hosting orgies. Often they host mixers for like-minded people to just hang out, as well as to meet potential partners. What's unfortunate, Taormino pointed out to me, is that a lot of swingers' groups are for couples only, and they have policies against admitting single guys to their parties.

The other way is to hook up with a guy you already know. Are there any hot younger guys among your casual acquaintances? If you can think of one or two, you could try to feel out whether they'd be open to the arrangement you have in mind. If not, then maybe you could try to

put yourself in the way of some.

Let's also not forget the obvious. Where do single people go to pick each other up? Bars, clubs, parties. There's no reason why you couldn't go out together and meet a nice stud to take home. If you haven't noticed, hot mature women—also known as cougars and MILFs—are in demand. Ask any good-looking younger guy if he's been hit on by an older couple. Many have. It's not weird.

Now, here's another practical tip from Taormino. "It's good for the wife to take the lead, because it's less threatening." It's your wife the guy will want to fuck, not you. And if you approach the guy, it might seem like you're pimping her out. "When the wife does the propositioning, she's saying, 'I've consented to this,'" Taormino adds.

Of course, you and she should mutually agree on the choice. If it doesn't feel right to both of you, don't do it. Taormino tells us, "You've got to trust your instincts on this. Do not go for the pretty face," if your inner voice tells you there's something wrong.

Lastly, I would urge you to be patient. You might not find the right guy right away. I know a couple that interviewed prospective thirds for months before finding one they liked. As corny as it sounds, you want your first time to be special. Rushing into it with the wrong guy means you'll probably have a bad time, which could put you off trying again.

■ ANOTHER WAY

Is there really such a thing as an asexual person? And if someone has zero sexual interest, is there usually a mental or physical problem behind it?

This can get really complicated really quickly, but I'll try to keep it simple. Asexuality is not a condition. It's an identity. Someone is "asexual" if he or she believes that this identity is fitting. The Asexual Visibility and Education Network, an organization that speaks for the asexual community, defines an asexual as a person "who does not experience sexual attraction."

Heterosexuals are sexually attracted to people of the opposite sex; homosexuals, to people of the same sex; bisexuals, to people of both sexes. Asexuals are not sexually attracted to anyone.

Some asexuals say they have romantic attractions to people—that is, they can have crushes and, daresay, fall in love—but never want to have sex with the object of their affection. It sounds like the kind of thing many other people would call a "friend crush" or "bromance."

There's no tidy explanation for why someone wouldn't feel any sexual attraction to other people. For that matter, it isn't easy to explain why people are sexually attracted to others.

It's probably wrong to assume that asexuals have something wrong with them. Remember, for the better part of the last century, doctors assumed there must be something wrong with a person who felt sexual attraction to someone of their same sex. Psychologists and medical doctors banged their heads against walls trying to figure out if the "problem" with homosexuals was mental, physical, genetic, or what. Eventually, it became clear that the only problem was with looking at it as a problem. Except by the religiously motivated few, homosexual attraction is now considered

a normal variant of human sexuality, and not the product of a diseased mind or body. In the past decade or so, with the help of the Internet, asexuality has been asserted as yet another normal difference among people. People in the asexual community (mostly organized around the website Asexuality.org) see a close parallel to their experience in the lesbian/gay/bisexual/transgender story.

The American Psychiatric Association officially stopped classifying homosexuality as a mental disorder in 1973, but still reserved a diagnosis called "ego-dystonic homosexuality" for those who were distressed about their sexual orientation and wanted to change it. That still left room for homosexuality to be viewed as a problem in and of itself. Critics pointed out that this disorder could be brought on by discrimination and hate directed at gays and lesbians. In 1986, the APA revised its classification of mental disorders again, leaving out homosexuality altogether.

Now asexuals are pushing the APA to drop the diagnosis of Hypoactive Sexual Desire Disorder (HSDD), which is defined as ongoing "deficient (or absent) sexual fantasies and desire for sexual activity." A diagnosis of HSDD is supposed to be made only if a lack of interest in sex "causes marked distress or interpersonal difficulty." But asexuals argue that's a lot like ego-dystonic homosexuality. In that someone can be diagnosed with a disorder just because someone else gives them grief. And some asexuals say they do have a hard time with people who don't understand them.

I think that when it comes to sexuality, tolerance should go more than one way. If I don't want to be told there's something wrong with me for liking sex too much, or looking at porn, or being into kink, then I should give the same respect to people who are completely uninterested in sex. If they're okay with it, I'm okay with it. We can just be friends. **OT**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW J. GORDON FOR EMMIS/GETTY IMAGES; (RIGHT) TAVEL JACKSON/GETTY IMAGES


Pet Posse

A new download pack for *Saints Row: The Third* lets you access the fighting skills and kickass attitude of Penthouse Pets. These ladies are not just eye candy.

Last year, several Pets were enlisted as the *Saints Row: The Third* Quality Assurance Team: 2011 Pet of the Year Nikki Benz and Runner-Up Ryan Keely, 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven, 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli, February 2010 Pet Heidi Baron, and June 2006 Pet Shay Laren. The ladies appeared at trade shows and promotional events, entertaining (and distracting) the guys who were lined up for prerelease test-drives of *Saints Row: The Third* as they signed character renders of themselves (seen here).

Now Pet characters have been updated for inclusion in the game itself. The \$3 Penthouse Pack moves

Nikki, Ryan, Heather, and Justine into your crib as Homies. You can call the Pussy Posse—as we’ve dubbed them around the *Penthouse* office; *shhh*, don’t tell our friends at THQ—to help fight the Syndicate with you, or send them out to do your dirty work. We predict you’ll be pleased with their performance, as these girls have some serious moves and weaponry, not to mention seriously sexy outfits.

The Penthouse Pack is available for download for Xbox 360, PS3, and PC (via Steam) on May 22. 

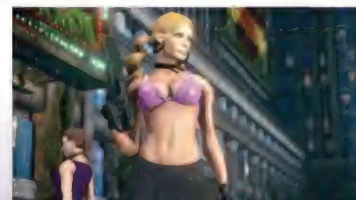
2007 PET OF THE YEAR

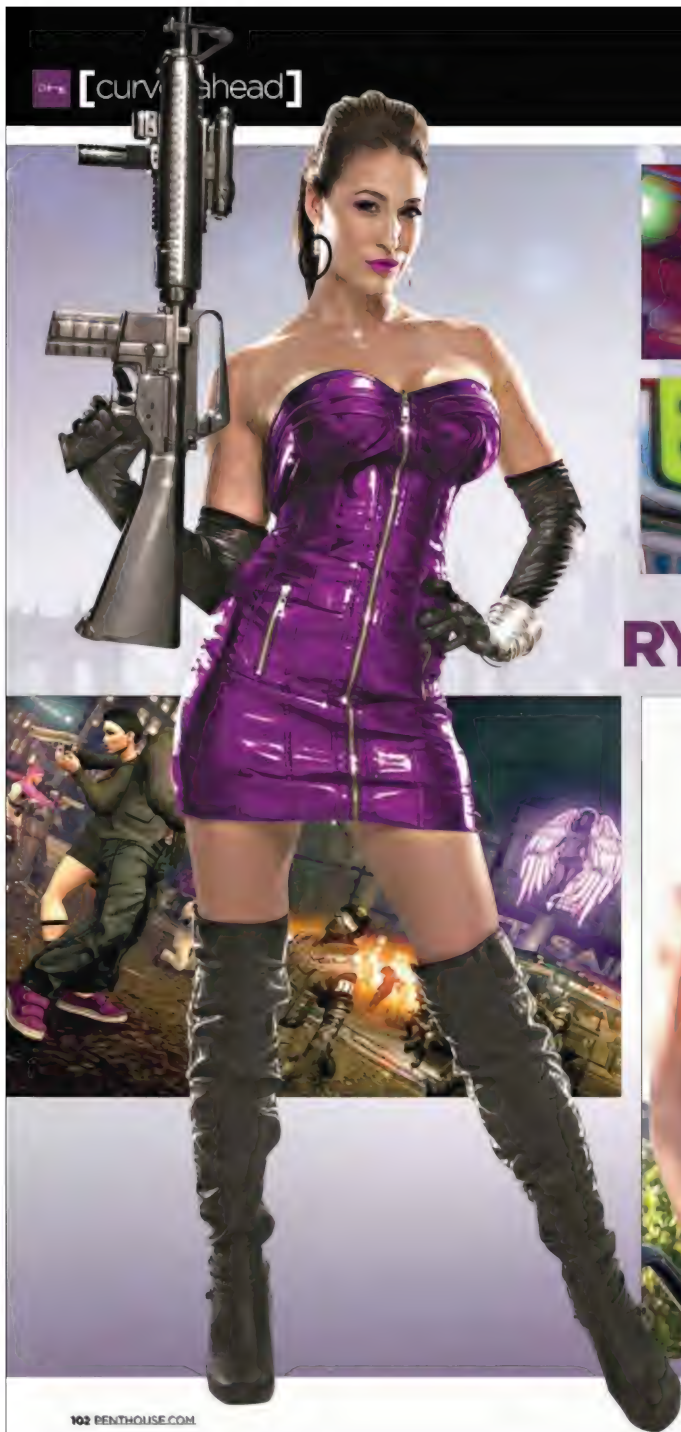
HEATHER VANDEVEN



2011 PET OF THE YEAR

NIKKI BENZ

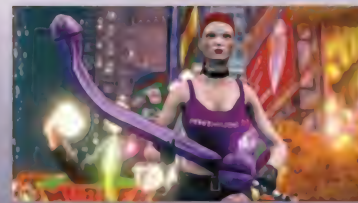




2011 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP
RYAN KEELY



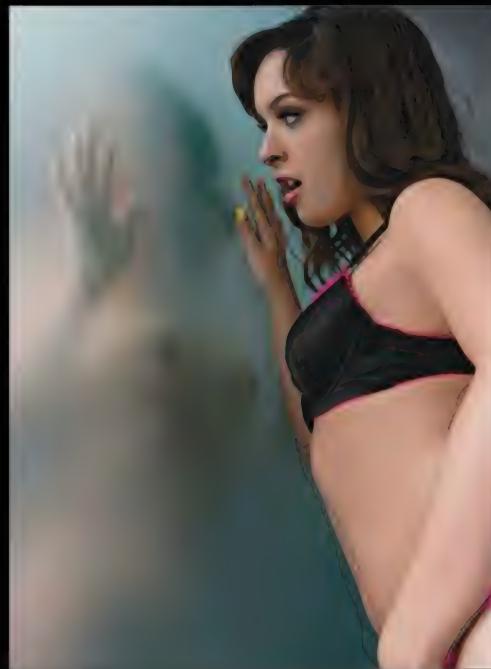
2008 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP
JUSTINE JOLI



behind the glass door

Danika and Jaslene are each surprised to see a beautiful woman through the smoky glass door, then thrilled to find themselves flirting with a flesh-and-blood "apparition." Neither wastes any time getting up-close and personal, and they're both even more thrilled by their afternoon of erotic exploration and experimentation.

Photographs by John Taylor









SEE MORE OF DANIKA AND JASLENE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

Making Deposits

This bank executive finds that working with attractive and assertive young women pays major dividends. As told to Greg Hudock

Working at a bank used to be monotonous. I worked as a teller and then a loan officer for a few years before I moved up to the main office. I didn't really like my corporate job—until I was put in charge of training new employees. Much to my surprise, when you're teaching recent college graduates—many of whom are extremely attractive young women—getting laid can be part of the job.

The first trainee who hit on me was Amber, a fresh-faced brunette who had just graduated from a university upstate. One afternoon she came into my office and asked if she could use my fax machine. I thought this was strange, since the area where she sat had a fax machine. As she fed the paper through, the error chime sounded. "Can you help?" she asked. As I walked over, I noticed she wasn't paying attention to the fax anymore. She was looking directly at me, and I could see the lust in her eyes.

The fax machine continued to beep as our lips met, and as we made out, her hands found their way to my cock, which she rubbed and made hard through the fabric. I unzipped my fly so she could stroke me better, but she dropped to her knees and took my dick into her mouth. She sucked me hard and made glorious sounds as she deep-throated me. Amber did such a good job, in fact, that I shot a load so big that it overflowed her mouth and dripped onto the carpet.

Another day, I ran into Marie, a 25-year-old platinum blonde, in the elevator. She had long legs that she always showed off with short skirts and high heels. She had been in the trainee program a year earlier, though

nothing had happened between us. But we began to bump into each other more frequently in the elevator, like she was timing when I would be going somewhere. One day, when we were alone in the elevator, I started humming the Aerosmith song "Love in an Elevator." She noticed and said, "Going down?" When she saw my reaction, she giggled and said, "So, have you ever made love in an elevator?"

"Me? Never," I replied, surprised. "Well, maybe we should change that," she said. Marie leaned in and we kissed, gently at first, then more deeply. I pressed the stop button and rubbed her pussy before I turned her around, lifted up her short skirt, pulled her thong to the side, and slid my cock into her very tight cunt. I pounded her hard as she braced herself against the wall of the elevator, moaning with pleasure. Then I turned her around, picked her up, and fucked her standing up, with her back against the wall. Her pussy was so warm and wet that I had to come. I pulled out and told her to get on her knees, then shot my load, which she quickly swallowed. At least we didn't have to explain a pool of come on the floor to the people waiting in the lobby.

The best encounter of all was with Melissa, a petite and bubbly 22-year-old Latina. It was a Friday, and almost everyone had left early to get a head start on the weekend. I had some work I needed to finish, though, so I stayed until normal quitting time. As I locked my door, I heard Melissa call me from across the office: "Ryan, could you come here? I need some help."

I found her in my boss's office, where the printer was making a strange noise. "Just unplug it and leave a note for maintenance," I said. "We could get in trouble," she said. "No, it's okay. I don't think he'll be mad about the printer."

"I'm not talking about the printer," Melissa replied with a mischievous




look in her eyes. She took a step back and sat on the desk with her legs open, allowing her red panties to peek out from underneath her skirt.

"You're a handsome gringo, but you need to relax," she said. "Maybe I can help relieve some of your stress."

She wrapped her arms around me and we kissed. When she stuck her tongue in my mouth, I leaned her back on the desk. Then I kissed my way down her body to her red panties, and licked her through them before sliding them off. I thrust one finger inside her, then two, as I licked her clit. Her wetness was pooling on the mat on my boss's desk.

"Well, we're in this deep, we might as well go all the way," I quipped as I undid my fly. Then I slid my cock inside her moist pussy. As I fucked her, she started to shake, and then her pussy squirted all over the desk.

I pounded her harder until I pulled out and shot my wad all over her mound. Taking a step back, I realized how big a mess we'd made.

When I arrived at work on Monday, the boss was asking everyone who broke his printer. He also wanted to know who'd taken his desk blotter. "I have no idea," I said, as Melissa winked at me from over his shoulder. 

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Sting

By Jessica Lennox
Illustrations by Charlene Chua

I am no tattoo expert. I'm not a fanatic, or even what most would consider an enthusiast. I admit I know almost nothing about tattoos except that they make me want to fuck, and they hurt like hell. I'm not in love with the hurt-like-hell part, but I do enjoy the other effect they have on me.

I know people who enjoy the pain of a tattoo. I'm not one of them, but I do understand that there's something seductive about knowing the person sporting the tattoo had the balls to withstand the experience. I've listened to people describe the pain as something akin to a religious experience, or something as blissful as sex. I look at these people as if they have three heads, because to me it's more akin to an irritating, constant bee sting, and it takes every bone in my body not to slap or kick the person holding the tattoo gun.

Most tattoo shops are busiest late at night, when people are in the mood to party, or drink, or do something crazy, or all the above. I arrived relatively early, so there were only a few people hanging around—waiting to be worked on, I assumed.

Usually, staring at people is frowned upon, but when it comes to tattoos, it's welcomed and appreciated, so I indulged myself and let my eyes wander from stranger to stranger, staring at the depictions of women, animals, insects, flags, and a variety of other images worthy enough to adorn their skin.

After several minutes of euphoric lusting, I began browsing the walls of endless designs. A few images caught my eye, and I noticed that all were drawn by the same person: Gia. I asked the girl at the counter if the artist was available. Lucky me! She had an opening in an hour. I browsed some of the other designs, then sat down, impatiently, grabbing a random magazine to pass the time.

Finally, Counter Girl announced that Gia was ready and led me into the back area. As I followed her through the maze of hallways, I noticed that each room was private, complete with a closable door. Most shops I'd been to had curtains between booths, at best.

As we stepped into a room at the end of the hall, Gia was standing with her back to me, setting up a small table of instruments. I sat down in a plastic chair and observed that her arms and the back of her neck were adorned with gorgeous artwork. Since she was engrossed in her work, I took the opportunity to indulge myself and stare at her tattoos.

After what seemed like an eternity, she turned around, and I think I stopped breathing. Although I'd never been with a woman, I've always had a crushing attraction for bad-girl/tattooed/goth-girl types—and this one was certainly a stunner. She had an angelic face, but her dark makeup gave her a mysterious, hard-edged look, and her short black hair was sexy in contrast to her pale skin. The fact that her halter top showed off her perfect breasts didn't bother me at all.

I didn't know what else to do other than admire her until she finally motioned for me to sit on the table.

"What can I do for you?"

Fuck me until I pass out came to mind, but I replied, "I really dig your artwork. I don't have a specific design in mind, though. Perhaps you can do something freestyle, along the lines of a tribal design."

She looked me up and down and I realized that she'd probably had a thousand clients who didn't know

"Something like this?" She pulled a page from a book and brought it over to me, showing me a tribal design encased in an octagon. As I studied the design, I couldn't help but look at her glorious cleavage, now mere inches from my face. It took all my willpower not to lean over and lick her, but I got myself together and told her that the design was perfect.

She stood and shut the door. "I'm going to need you to remove your shorts and panties."

"Okay," I said, in a shaky voice. Did I mention that I hate the sting of the needle? I was also having some weird conflict between that and feeling excited at the same time. Not to mention Gia's energy was full of sexuality, and her hands were soon going to be on my half-naked body.

As I undressed, she turned her back to me, fiddling with things on the table. When I had everything off from the waist down, I sat on the table and said, "I'm ready."

somewhere in the back of my mind I wanted her to touch me there. But she was all business as she wiped my skin clean with a sterile gauze pad.

Then I heard the buzz of the gun, and all thoughts of anything sexual disappeared in an instant. I tried to calm myself by breathing slowly and thinking about warm, tropical places. I reminded myself about how happy I'd be when this was all over. I would be sporting a gorgeous new tattoo. It was a nice idea, but I bit my lip anyway, bracing against the pain.

As Gia worked on me, she kept moving her hand to different areas on my body, trying to get the best angle. I felt her fingers move from my abdomen to my thigh to my hip, and although I know she didn't do this for any purpose other than her work, it was turning me on like crazy. I tried to use this as a distraction from the pain. I pulled my focus together, thinking only of her hand. No more thoughts of that annoying sting that kept bit-

*he more she spanked my pussy, the more aroused I got.
I started thrusting my hips gently in time with her hand.*

what the hell they wanted, and here I was—another one. After a pause, she crossed her arms and said, "Well, I could, but it's better if you choose a design; that way there's no misunderstanding. Know what I mean?"

I nodded, catching the glint in her mouth and seeing that she had the tip of her tongue pierced with a small hoop. "I understand," I said. "I'd be willing to sign something, just so we don't have any problem. I trust your artistic ability."

She laughed and said, "Well, there's no need for the signature. Let me just get a few specifics. Where do you want the tat?"

"Here," I said, touching the right side of my groin.

"I'll have to shave you." I could swear she smirked when she said that.

"I'm already shaved. Completely." Her eyebrows shot upward, then she asked, "How big do you want it?"

Again, my brain was going to the gutter, but I kept cool and replied, "About two inches around."

She turned around, allowing her gaze to travel over my bare legs. "Lie back. That'll keep the skin taut, and it'll make it easier for me to work on you."

Oh, I wanted her to work on me all right. I eased myself backward. The table was cushioned with padded leather and a disposable paper cover, so it was soft and comfortable. The reclined position allowed me to see what she was doing, although I wasn't sure I wanted to, given my fear of needles. As I tried to get my nerves under control, her voice startled me, causing me to jump slightly.

"I'm going to clean the area with alcohol. Sorry for the cold."

Even though she had warned me, I jumped when the spray hit my skin. She placed her hand on my abdomen and said, "Easy," in a low voice, and that turned my arousal up a notch.

This is not the state I wanted to be in. I wanted to be relaxed, not anxious and aroused. I tried to focus on anything but her hand, which was so close to my pussy that I wanted to scream, and

ing me. Although my arousal was intensifying, I reminded myself that her touch was not for this purpose. But when she placed her hand just above my pussy to pull the skin taut, I couldn't help but moan and arch my hips slightly. She looked up at me then and said, "Everything okay?"

I answered, "Yes, sorry." She smiled and said, "If you need a break, just let me know. Otherwise, I really need you to keep still."

She had no idea how difficult that was proving to be, but I nodded anyway and forced myself to relax. I closed my eyes and concentrated on my breathing, keeping it steady and even, trying to forget the now-insistent throb in my pussy.

As I began to finally reach a state of calm, her voice brought me slamming back to the present when she said, "You're wet."

My eyes flew open and I looked at her while she stared into my eyes, and then glanced down at my center of

arousal. I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything. Instead, I lay there mortified, my face turning 15 shades of red.

"Do you like the sting of the needle?" she asked, running her finger lightly between my pussy lips. "Is that why you're so wet?"

I shook my head no, still unable to speak.

"You could have fooled me," she said as she dipped her finger in and pressed lightly on my clit.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned, finding my voice and arching my hips toward her. She put the tattoo gun down and ran her hands slowly upward, over my stomach, then back down over my thighs. "You have great skin," she said, pushing my legs apart. Her voice was like liquid silk; I could have listened to it all day. I gladly let her spread my legs. "That's it, let me open you up," she said, using her fingers to part my swollen lips. At first, I thought I was going to come just from watching her touch me, but when she leaned down

and let the tip of her tongue glide over my pussy, I felt as though I was going to pass out.

As I lay there moaning and panting, I suddenly wondered if anyone else could hear me. Realizing they probably could, I tried to be quiet, but when she eased two fingers into my cunt, I gasped and moaned even louder.

"Shhh," she said, coaxing me to be quiet as she continued to trace my clit with her tongue. Her touch was so light, I thrust upward to try to get more, but she said, "If you don't stop that, I'm going to spank you."

I looked at her with an amused smile, but honestly I couldn't tell if she was serious or kidding. I thrust upward once more, and she surprised me by giving my pussy a quick slap.

I was so shocked I didn't know what to do. I lay there rigid and unsure of whether to give in to my arousal or get the hell out of there as fast as I could. No, it was too soon to give up, I decided. I wanted to see where she was going to take me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, hoping that would signal to her that I wanted to continue.

"Good girl," she said as she continued to play for several glorious minutes, her fingers in my cunt and her tongue on my clit.

"You're so wet," she said. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear that you do like the sting. Perhaps not from the needle but from something more intimate, like my hand. What do you think? Should we experiment a little?"

I whimpered, not sure which way to go, but she made my mind up for me by giving my pussy a little tap. That didn't hurt at all. In fact, the pressure felt good, if only for a moment. I wanted more and started to thrust upward, but remembered she didn't like that and quickly stopped myself.

"Ah, you're learning. That's good."

She continued to administer quick slaps, a little harder each time and with a little more frequency. The more she spanked my pussy, the more aroused I got, and eventually I didn't even mind that the slaps were getting harder. Finally, I couldn't control my body anymore and I had to move. I started thrusting my hips gently in time with her hand, and she let me. At one point she pushed my legs apart, and the effect of her bare hand spanking my open pussy was almost too much to take. Each time her hand came down on me, she hesitated momentarily, keeping her hand there, putting pressure on my clit for a prolonged moment. I knew it was only a matter of seconds and I wouldn't be able to hold off any longer. Then she bent down and bit my clit gently, pulling with her teeth, and that was all I could take. I gripped the table, clenched my jaw shut, and came in her mouth while three of her fingers deliciously fucked me.

I collapsed against the table, exhausted. After a few moments, I looked at her with a mixture of relief and surprise.

She winked at me and said, "Welcome back. That was amazing, but I need to finish you off now."

I gave a short laugh and said, "I think you just did."

"No, I mean your tattoo. It isn't finished yet."

"Oh, yeah," I said, suddenly aware that I wasn't feeling any pain.

"Sting," by Jessica Lennox, from *Hurts So Good*, edited by Alison Tyler. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.





wish fulfillment

Amani Madsen's first name means "desires"—a word that perfectly describes what we feel for the 20-year-old when we look at the photos on these pages. This 32D-26-34 nursing student from Columbia, South Carolina, inspires lustful yearning and wishful thinking in us, and we're sure you'll feel the same.

Photographs by Christopher Love







"What makes a vacation great is the company, not the place. I've had some of the best times out in the middle of nowhere in a cabin or tent, playing strip poker in front of a fire."





"My favorite fantasy is seeing a guy on a crowded street who catches my eye. I approach him, take him home with me, and have my wicked way with him."

"I love eye-fucking a guy at a crowded party, whispering something sultry in his ear, knowing that I'm going to rock his world. I've had sex with a stranger more times than I will ever admit. It's so exciting!"

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SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Jeff and I had arranged to meet for drinks, then go to his apartment. As usual, he had joked that I should arrive early and pick up a third party, or bring along a friend. I'm not sure he realized I was really ready to make his fantasy come true.

I called my friend Kim and asked if she was up for joining us for the night. From the conversations we'd had, I knew she was open to a threesome, and I thought she and Jeff would like each other. When she asked what I had in mind, I told her it was a surprise and to wear something tight and sexy.

When we arrived at the bar in our clingy sweaters and tight pants, Jeff was getting hit on by a couple of women. He quickly excused himself and came toward us. I introduced him to Kim and he led us to an empty table. We ordered drinks and I let Jeff and Kim get acquainted, hoping the chemistry would be right. They seemed to be getting along okay, and just when I thought it might be time to move things along, Kim asked what the game plan was for the night. Jeff told her we would be happy to drop her off at her apartment on our way home, but I jumped in and said we should continue to get to know one another at Jeff's place. He looked at me in astonishment for a few seconds, then looked us both over with a huge grin before hustling us out to my car.

When we got to Jeff's, he showed Kim around while I turned on some music and dimmed the lights. I'd just taken some beers from the fridge when Jeff led Kim into the kitchen. She came toward me and turned me to face the counter, telling me to put down the bottles. She was standing behind me, and I looked Jeff right in the eye as Kim pulled up my sweater, finally breaking our eye contact by pulling it over my face. Before it slipped to the floor, Jeff was in front of me, reaching to unhook my bra. He pulled the straps off my arms, but that was as far as he got before I was pleasantly mashed between their bodies. I had Kim's soft sweater rubbing against my back, moving down to my ass as she knelt behind me, stroking up and down my legs gently. The hard weight of Jeff's cock was pressed against my stomach. I couldn't get over how incredible it felt to be the meat in their sandwich, and their touches weren't even that sexual yet!



Reluctantly, I pulled free of them and led the way to Jeff's bedroom, where we could all get comfortable. Once all our clothes were off and we were on his king-size bed, Kim and I turned our attention to Jeff. We took turns sucking and licking his dick, and I was surprised that I wasn't the least bit jealous about sharing my favorite cock.

Jeff propped up his back and watched us, and the longer Kim and I licked and sucked, the more his cock throbbed. When he couldn't take any more, he pushed me back, flipped me onto my stomach, and thrust into me from behind. Kim slid her sopping-wet pussy in front of me and I went for it. It didn't take long for Kim to come, flooding my mouth with her juices as Jeff continued drilling into me.

Then Jeff pressed on my clit and the orgasm that had been building crashed through me in continuous

waves. I've never thought of myself as multiorgasmic, but with Jeff's relentless thrusting and Kim tweaking my nipples just right, I couldn't seem to stop coming. Finally, my body began to relax and I collapsed.

I didn't have to tell Jeff to get his dick into Kim. She'd moved beside me, and as soon as the condom was on, she guided Jeff between her legs. She wrapped her thighs around his hips and held on as he worked his cock in and out at high speed. Jeff swings a mean dick when he gets going, and this was one of those occasions. Each time Jeff slammed into Kim, he grunted and she moaned.

I was getting off on watching them fuck, and it looked like they were enjoying themselves, too. I dipped my fingers into my pussy, then fed them to Kim. She sucked hard, swirling her tongue around them, trying to get all the cream. Then she let out an unexpected gasp and came, arching up under Jeff. Her climax tripped Jeff's switch and he let go, finishing with a roar and several deep strokes.

I couldn't have hoped for a better threesome, and I know we'll be getting together again soon. Now having another girl in our bed is my fantasy, too!—G.N., Illinois

With Jeff's relentless thrusting and Kim tweaking my nipples just right, I couldn't seem to stop coming.



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SEAL THE DEAL

I just started a new job, and so far it's been an amazing experience—sexually, that is. The head of the department is a classy woman in her forties, although to look at her you'd never know it. Andrea could easily pass for 35. She knows how to dress, and always wears her hair up in some kind of complicated twist. There are younger women in the office—some who I've considered taking a run at—but there's something about my new boss that induces tunnel vision. When she's in the room I don't see anyone else.

One evening we had a dinner meeting, and after watching her handle a particularly difficult client, and marveling at the way she had him eating out of her hand by the end of the meal, we walked the few blocks back to the office. We were both feeling high off the drinks and the closing of a big deal, and the fresh air was exhilarating.

Andrea had on a business suit and heels so high that we were the same height. I was imagining what it would be like to push her into a doorway or up against a wall in a dark alleyway and fuck the hell out of her.

"How do you handle it?" I asked. "You close a major deal like that and you just go back to the office?"

"No, I usually go get laid," she said. She gave me a direct look and I didn't flinch. I dragged her around the corner to a darkened storefront. Andrea pushed me into the doorway and stuck her tongue down my throat. The kiss was wild and primitive. I had one hand cupping her lovely ass and another caressing her breast. She had one hand around the back of my neck, holding my head in place, while her other hand stroked my cock. I wanted to rip her clothes off and I wanted her to shred mine.

I shoved my hand up her skirt. I didn't have to worry about how to get past her hose. Andrea had on real stockings with garters, and a flimsy thong. One hard tug on the side string and it gave.

Andrea was already working the zipper on my pants while I unbuckled my belt. As soon as she freed my cock, she wrapped her fingers around it and gave it a couple of firm strokes. But I didn't need a handjob. I needed to fuck her.

"Hold on," I warned. I hooked my arm under Andrea's leg and she guided my cock to her cunt. One push and I was in deep. As we kissed



furiously, I fucked her hard and fast. When Andrea's cunt spasmed around my dick, I thrust hard one final time and stayed inside her as I flooded her pussy with jizz.

We went back to the office, which was totally deserted by that time, and I fucked Andrea again, right on her desk.

We both stood there, panting, as my dick softened and slid out of her. I released Andrea's leg and kissed her slowly and thoroughly. We did the best we could, straightening each other's clothes. Then Andrea said there were still a few details we needed to go over.

We went back to the office, which was totally deserted by that time, and I fucked Andrea again, right on her desk. I licked her pussy till she screamed, and she sucked my cock before we finally called it a night.—S.T., *New York*

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■ MEN IN UNIFORM

I've always had a weakness for a man in a uniform. Cops, military personnel, firefighters, you name it—the sight of a guy in a uniform just does it for me. You can imagine why I wanted to attend a business conference in San Francisco during Fleet Week. Yes! Lots of sailors in white.

My first day there was beautiful and I had the afternoon free. It wasn't hot, but it was warm in the sun, so I wore my sexiest bikini, the one I bought on a dare with my girlfriends, and headed to the nude beach. I didn't know anyone in California and didn't see why I shouldn't do something I'd always wanted to do. I took off my bikini top, sprayed myself with lotion, and lay back on my beach mat.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the way the sun felt on my skin. I let my fantasies take over and imagined being fucked hard by a sailor in white. Between the sun and my horny thoughts, my bikini bottoms were totally soaked.

About 30 minutes later, I turned over and looked up toward the boardwalk. There were two sailors sitting there looking right at me. I smiled cheerfully and waved. When they waved back, I knew what I wanted to do with the rest of my afternoon. I stood up and retied my bikini top. Then I gathered my belongings, and when I turned toward the boardwalk my two sailors were already headed in my direction.

One had blond hair, the other dark. Both had broad shoulders and looked young and hungry for a good time. I introduced myself and told them I was in town for a conference. They offered to show me some of the sights, but I had other plans.

I agreed to meet them for a quick bite after I'd showered. They said they knew just the place. I told them where I was staying and they offered to pick me up in an hour.

I took a cold shower as soon as I got back to my room, but it didn't work. I was so horny I could hardly stand it. Knowing I wouldn't be able to eat a thing until I'd slaked my sexual appetite, I put on a little dress that's easy to get out of, not even bothering with underwear.

When I heard a knock at the door, I checked myself out in the mirror before inviting my two sailors in. They both looked so good, I didn't know which one I wanted first. Then I thought, why should I have to choose?

When the blond asked if I was



ready, I told him to close the door—that there was something I needed to take care of first. I looked him over from head to toe, my gaze finally settling at the front of his white pants. When I reached out to place my hand over his cock, the ridge of flesh began to harden beneath my palm.

I couldn't control myself and immediately dropped to my knees and unbuttoned his pants. Without hesitation, I took his rapidly hardening dick and deep-throated it. As he ran his hands through my hair, I massaged his balls. He loved it. He went crazy and grabbed the back of my head and started thrusting into my mouth.

Then I heard movement behind me. My dark-haired sailor pushed my dress up and ran his hands roughly over my ass, squeezing and rubbing

my flesh. Blondie went down on his knees, pulling me with him. I had to place my hands on the floor in order to raise my ass in the air.

I was dripping with anticipation as I licked the blond's thick cock. Then my second sailor shoved his tongue deep into my hole and I came, moaning around the cock in my mouth. I was still in the midst of an orgasm when he replaced his tongue with his dick. He plunged in deep as his hands came around to squeeze my tits. Fingers flicked and tugged on my nipples as I enjoyed the thrill of having two cocks in me. The fucking and sucking was energetic and enthusiastic, to say the least, and I decided that I liked it kind of rough. None of us lasted long.

I convulsed with deep pleasure around the big, hard cock in my pussy. At the same time my cunt was getting filled with cream, Blondie shot his hot come into my mouth. I swallowed and licked his cock clean as jizz trickled down my thighs.

I saw as much of my two sailors as I could while I was in town. Next year I plan on being in New York for Fleet Week, and I can hardly wait!—G.A., Arizona

I was dripping as I licked the blond's thick cock. Then my second sailor shoved his tongue deep into my hole.

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FAST AND FURIOUS

I had been a regular at my local bar for about a year before one of the waitresses asked me if the vintage Mustang was mine. I'd always thought she was kind of bitchy, despite being really hot, but if she recognized a decent ride, how bad could she be?

"Yeah," I said.
"How fast does it go?" she asked.
"Pretty fast," I said, sizing her up.
"Think you can drive it?"

"I can drive anything," she said.
I didn't know if she was being a wiseass or if she really could drive. Only one way to find out. "When do you get off work?" I asked.

"I'll be done in 20 minutes," she said. Then she headed back to one of the tables and picked up her tip before disappearing through the kitchen's swinging doors.

Thirty minutes later, we were driving toward an area that's rarely frequented by cops. When the coast was clear and she stepped on the gas, I was a little concerned that she might fuck up my gearbox, but she actually knew what she was doing. There's just something about a girl who knows her way around a stick. I felt my own stick getting hard as she easily handled the curves of the road and skillfully accelerated out of turns.

Then she headed onto the freeway, where she could really open her up. My cock felt restricted behind my fly, and I had no choice but to try to adjust it. I didn't think she'd noticed, but when I looked over at her, she was smirking.

"I need a drink," she said, before pulling the car over, tires squealing to a halt.

She leaned over and let her tongue flick over my lips. I opened up and sucked her tongue inside. As we kissed, she reached for my cock. Suddenly I knew exactly what she was thirsty for.

She unzipped my fly and pulled out my cock, licking her lips when she saw what she had to work with. She smeared the pre-come around the head, then rolled my stick between her hands. Leaning over, she took the tip between her lips and sucked hard. Then she opened up and took me in down to the root.

Hot, wet heat was all I felt at that moment. When she pulled back, I groaned. When she sucked me in again, I placed one hand on the dashboard and one at the back of her head and bucked into her mouth. Nothing mattered but the feeling of



thrusting into her amazing mouth.

When I let go, she took every last bit of my come, swallowing it down without losing a drop.

"Now my pussy is thirsty," she said. "I think your place is probably closer than mine."

As soon as we were inside my apartment, I pulled her shirt over her head. When I took off her bra, her nipples stood out like bullets. I tongued one while rolling the other between my fingers. She moaned and I felt her nipples get even harder.

"Get your clothes off," she said, pushing me away.

I don't take orders well—unless they happen to suit my purposes. Getting naked definitely did.

She stripped off her skirt and panties. While I undressed, she played with her pussy, dipping her fingers into her glistening snatch, then licking them one by one.

As I approached her, she walked around to the back of the sofa. I followed, stopping right in front of her. She dipped her fingers in once more, then let me suck them clean.

When she thought I'd had enough, she said, "Guess what my favorite

position is?"

She turned around, placed her hands on the back of the sofa, and spread her legs. Doggie-style is one of my favorites, too. Something else we had in common.

I teased her a bit, diddling her clit with the head of my cock. I enjoyed watching her squirm and seeing her move her ass from side to side. Then I drew my cock back and forth through her slick folds, passing right over her entrance. She really got to fidgeting, and was shifting from one foot to the other like a nervous filly.

"Fuck me, dammit!" she screamed. She was totally out of patience, and sopping-wet.

I placed my cock at her opening and pushed into her. I placed one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, holding her in place for the fucking of her life—and mine. I pounded her deep, with long, hard strokes.

"Yeah, that's it. That's it," she moaned.

We fucked like two crazed animals until I felt her muscles seize up around my dick. I started to lose my rhythm, but I kept going, fucking her through her orgasm until mine hit. Then I stroked into her and held my cock inside her as I filled her cunt with hot cream. What a blast!

It turned out that we really didn't have a lot in common—except for the fact that we both like fast cars and we both like to fuck. But sometimes you don't need more than that.—J.C., South Carolina

I placed one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, holding her in place for the fucking of her life—and mine.



HIGHER EDUCATION

When I saw her across the classroom, I knew instantly that I had to have her. Every time she looked at me, I felt like her eyes were burning through my clothes, trying to get to the lacy lingerie underneath.

I planned to casually approach her after class and start a conversation, but she beat me to it. She strode up to me with such purpose as everyone else walked out that I was sure she was going to call me out on staring at her. What she said instead was way more intriguing: "I'm going to the ladies' room. Would you like to join me?"

I nodded my head and followed her out the door. She kept up a fast pace all the way to the handicap-accessible bathroom at the other end of the building, passing the one right outside the classrooms.

As soon as we were inside the small bathroom with the door locked, she asked me if I liked girls. "I saw you staring at me," she added, "so don't tell me you're not interested."

I assured her I was very interested,

and the words had barely left my lips before she was pushing me against the door, her lips fusing to mine. Her tongue pushed its way into my mouth, tangling with my own, before I'd even thought of parting my lips. And her hands were everywhere—one minute on my hips, the next on my tits, then on my ass. I couldn't keep up!

Then a hand slipped under my skirt. Her fingers pulled at my cotton thong, and I lost myself in the excitement. Her fingers parted my pussy lips and pushed into my cunt, and I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming with pleasure. Her fingers were moving expertly inside me, thrusting at the perfect speed and hitting me at just the right angle.

Her fingers parted my pussy lips and pushed into my cunt, and I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming with pleasure.

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She was still kissing me while her hands worked my body. My panties were still on, but that didn't slow her down. She slid the tip of one finger back and forth between my lips, getting it close to my clit before sliding it in the other direction. She had me so on edge I was starting to get anxious, looking forward to my release.

It seemed as if she knew exactly what I was feeling, and she pulled back from our kiss and smiled wickedly, shaking her head and telling me that I'd have to wait a little bit longer before I got what I wanted. I groaned in protest. She chuckled, then tweaked my nipple with one hand as her other rubbed firmly against my clit. If she didn't let me come soon, I'd explode.

Thankfully, she heard the pleading in my groan. She slipped a finger back inside my pussy and thrust it in and out. A second finger was added a moment later, and she pumped into my body erratically, no longer following the pattern she'd set earlier. I felt like I was really getting fucked.

After another minute or two of her thrusting fingers, I moaned loudly into our kiss and went over the edge. My climax was intense, more intense than I'd ever have expected from a 15-minute hookup in the bathroom, and it felt like I'd never stop coming. All too soon, though, I was straightening my panties while my classmate licked her fingers clean of my juices.

She gave me a deep French kiss for a minute before unlocking the door and ducking out of the restroom. I'd have to wait till our next class to find out her name.—*K.W., Nevada*

PRIVATE PRACTICE

One of the perks of my husband being a doctor with his own private practice is the ability to roleplay as a sexy nurse whenever the mood strikes. Like last Tuesday—Doug was working late, catching up on paperwork after the office had closed, and I was in the mood for a game, so I dressed up in my favorite nurse costume and went to surprise him.

I'd called ahead to make sure he was really alone, and knowing that we had the place to ourselves, I dropped my coat as soon as I'd locked the front door behind me. His office is all the way in the back, and I knew I'd be able to ambush him. I grabbed some empty files from the front and headed back to find him, calling out when I saw the light on in his office. "Doctor Doug," I said, "I need your assistance



in exam room three."

"Gina?" he replied. "Is that you?" I'd surprised him all right! I stayed in character. "Doctor," I called again. "I need you in room three."

Doug is used to my antics, and he knows there's nothing I love more than showing up at the office to play doctor. I heard a quiet chuckle, then he pushed his chair out, walked across the floor, and came out into the hallway. I ducked into the exam room when I saw his shadow enter the hall,

Doug was working late after the office had closed, so I dressed up in my favorite nurse costume to surprise him.

and I summoned him again.

As soon as my husband came into the exam room, his jaw dropped. I'd worn my latex nurse's outfit, his favorite of the half-dozen I own, and seeing me in the skintight white dress always gets him hot in seconds. It turned him on so much that it took him a moment to get his voice back to ask me, in as serious a manner as he could muster, "What's the problem, Nurse Gina?"

After years of helping him at the practice, I had more than enough medical knowledge to make up a scenario that would require his attention—and that would require me to show some skin. I complained about an imaginary pain in my pussy, and when he pushed his fingers against me through my dress, I jumped, pretending he'd hit the spot.

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When he slipped a finger in, "examining" me, I bit my lip to keep from moaning. That would pull me out of character.

"I'll need you to lift your dress so I can get a better look," he told me, and I quickly did as he asked, shifting and shimmying until the hem of my dress was high enough for him to see the "problem area."

He pretended to examine my pussy, tenderly poking and prodding as I squirmed and squealed in delight. When he slipped a finger in, still "examining" me, I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning. That would definitely pull me out of character, and this is always more fun when I keep up the act for a while.

Doug added a second and then a third finger. We both tried to pretend he had some important medical reason for fingering me, but the more he thrust, the harder it was to keep a straight face. Still, we persisted, and whenever I needed to moan, I'd cry out, "Yes, Doctor, there!" as if he'd found the particular part of my anatomy that was giving me grief.

After a minute or two, he told me he'd need to probe deeper, "to get a feel for what's going on up there," and he asked me to hop up on the examination table. I did as he said, making sure my dress stayed above my waist. I knew what was coming, and I didn't want to wait. He turned to "get his instruments ready"—which meant he was unzipping his pants

and releasing his hard cock—and I pulled the stirrups up so I could rest my feet in them. Then Doug turned back to me, stroking his cock, which was standing at attention, and moved between my spread legs.

My pussy was already wet with anticipation, and he quickly slid into me. We dropped the pretense then, not needing the game now that the fucking had started. I grabbed the sides of the table as Doug thrust, and he held my latex-covered hips firmly, keeping me in place. His cock is long, and it went deep with every

thrust. He started off slow, warming me up for a pounding, but he quickly picked up his pace to slam into me.

I'm not a passive sex partner, and when he started pumping harder, I dug my fingers into the edges of the exam table and began to slide my ass toward him, thrusting back as best as I could. His hips slapped loudly against mine as the paper covering the table ripped and crinkled under my ass.

Doug was working me up to an impressive orgasm, but I knew it would be better if I stopped trying to fuck him. When I felt ready to explode, I lay back on the table, giving him a better angle for fucking me, and reached a hand between my thighs to play with my hot little button. That was all it took, and I came hard, my pussy grasping his dick and holding him inside me as my juices gushed out and my body thrashed against the table.

Doug fucked me slowly through my orgasm, but he was still rock-hard and wanting to fuck. He stayed buried in my pussy and began to thrust hard and fast again immediately. It took him another minute of furious fucking before he was ready to blow, and he pulled out just before so he could shoot his come all over my mound. I loved watching him explode, and I frigged my clit to one more orgasm before he'd finished shooting.

When we finished, Doug zipped up his pants and went back to his office to get his things while I cleaned up the exam room, tidying it up enough so the late-night cleaning crew wouldn't know anything out of the ordinary had happened. Then we headed home, both of us sated and ready to call it a night.—G.H., Alabama

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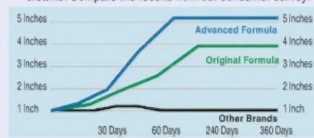
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